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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by the Publisher of THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. XXXV.—No. 119.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

Price Ten Cents.



ROUGH ON THE "OLD MAN"—THE NEIGHBORS OF SAMUEL SHOOK BREAK INTO HIS HOUSE AND CUT SHORT HIS FIRST ECSTASIES OF WEDDED BLISS—THEY CARRY OFF HIS NEWLY MADE WIFE AND KEEP HER A PRISONER FOR SEVERAL DAYS—HE DIDN'T APPRECIATE THE JOKE; HILLSBORO OHIO.—SEE PAGE 2.





The Oldest Illustrated Weekly Established 1848

RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

#### PUBLISHING OFFICE:

183 William Street, Cor. Spruce, New York.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

#### Terms of Subscription.

One copy, one year.....\$4.00  
One copy, six months.....2.00  
One copy, three months.....1.00  
Single copies.....Ten Cents  
To Clubs a liberal discount will be allowed.  
Postage FREE to all subscribers in the United States.  
Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to the publisher, 183 William Street, (P. O. Box 40) New York City.  
All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or Post Office money order.

The Trade Supplied by The American News Co., N. Y., or any of their Branches.

#### PROSPECTUS FOR 1880.

The coming year promises to be one of the most interesting and important of this eventful and crowded century. THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE will in the future, as it has in the past, keep fully abreast of the times. Our facilities for gathering and illustrating in an artistic manner the current events of the day are of the most perfect description, and our readers may rest assured that nothing of an improper character or inconsistent with the sphere of illustrated journalism will find a place in its columns. THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE is printed and published in the city of New York, and can command all the advantages which a great artistic and literary centre afford, being thus enabled to be always first in the field in depicting accurately and with that high excellence which the best talent in every department can give.

In addition to the many and varied features which now illuminate the pages of THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, we shall, during the year, add many new ones (of which due announcement will be made from time to time) that cannot but still further enhance and beautify its pages, and thus retain its place as the leading illustrated journal of the country and beyond the reach of all competitors.

There is no other illustrated journal published in the city of New York, of the same or similar name, devoted to the interests that find expression in THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, and it has therefore no competition or connection whatever with any imitators closely copying its title for the purpose of profiting by the reputation which has been solidly and permanently built up by its brightness and excellence. The GAZETTE has frequently suffered from this confusion and plagiarism of titles, and we desire to warn the public in the matter. In all cases ask for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE of New York, and see that the place of publication and the name of the proprietor is clearly set forth.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,  
P. O. Box 40, William and Spruce Sts., New York City.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the names and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

E. S. M., Bloomington, Ill.—Thanks.  
J. B. S., Fort Reno, I. T.—Send the sketches.  
P. J. H., Knoxville, Tenn.—Items used. Thanks.  
J. B. T., Portland, Ind.—See the GAZETTE of last week.  
A. J. S., Coshocton, Ohio.—Thanks; we have used the item.

J. T. S., Waukesha, Wis.—Not of sufficient interest. Try again.

C. V. W., Madison, Wis.—Will be glad to hear from you at any time.

R. M. S., Chaplin, Ky.—Your item not of sufficient public interest for us.

W. M., Chicago, Ill.—Thanks for attention. Photo not of sufficient interest.

G. W. K., Bristol, Tenn.—Matter used. Pleased to hear from you at any time.

N. L. B., Monticello, Ga.—The State of New York has an area of 47,000 square miles.

DETROIT, Evansville, Ind.—We published portrait last week. Thanks for attention.

C. C., Newton, Iowa.—Picture only of local interest. Pleased to hear from you again.

B. C. C., Kansas City, Nev.—The best runs of Maurice Daly at three-ball billiards are 370, 233, 212.

G. H., New York City.—Thanks. The matter is an everyday occurrence that everybody is familiar with.

J. T. N., Springfield, Ohio.—Consider yourself as our correspondent. Have written you more fully by mail.

R. L. J., Douglassville, Pa.—The highest price which gold reached from 1862 to 1870 was in July, 1864. It reached the 285.

J. J. J., Philadelphia, Pa.—Unless it has been especially agreed to the contrary, sixes and fives will beat aces and threes at poker-dice.

L. L. F., Columbia City, Ind.—While the occurrence is to be deplored it is not of sufficient general interest to publish. Thanks for attention.

J. B., New York City.—We know nothing of the doctor you inquire of, and cannot recommend you to one. Your best course is to state the case to a physician of acknowledged reputation.

W. B. T., Cincinnati, O.—The late Henry J. Montague made his first appearance in America at Wallack's Theatre, in this city, on August 6, 1874, in Byron's play of "Partners for Life."

A. H. F., Union, Ill.—If a player in cribbage takes more than he is entitled to, the other party not only puts him back as many points as are over-scored, but adds the same extra number to his own game.

#### THE EXCISE LAWS.

The periodical "shaking up" of the liquor business is now being gone through with, the deputies of the Excise Board having begun their inspection of saloons and their licenses. No dealer, however reputable and law-abiding, is secure from the petty annoyances of these supercilious minions of a corrupt machine, but is liable at any moment to be thrown into jail and arraigned before the irate Board, to the great detriment of his business interests, although he may be wholly unconscious of having done anything to warrant such a procedure.

The question naturally arises, Has the liquor-dealer any rights which the Excise Board is bound to respect? And, if so, why are they not respected? The answer to the latter question is involved in a little transaction, which, on the whole, does not reflect the highest credit on the Excise Commissioners.

Certain political schemes recently required the trial of Excise Commissioners Morrison and Merkle for alleged misdemeanors in office, in granting a license to a man in Houston street, said to be disreputable. This little occurrence has struck terror to the souls of the gallant Board, who now hastens to convince the public of their zeal by unjust and indiscriminate attacks upon liquor-dealers—except, perhaps, those whom it is policy to let alone.

The fact is, the whole matter has become a huge farce and a public nuisance. The laws of the State of New York provide for the granting of licenses, and state who shall receive a license and who shall not. If these laws are not sufficiently explicit and contain loop-holes and technicalities that afford Crosby and temperance fanatics generally a pretext for persecution and attack at their sweet wills without reason, then they should be repealed and just and protective laws enacted in their place.

No one is more anxious for the prosecution of unlicensed dealers than the reputable saloon-keeper, whose license hangs upon his wall, and who has complied with the law as far as lies in his power. When the state laws recognized a certain class as reputable, the same laws should protect those who engage honestly in such traffic, and it is high time that the honorable Commissioners made a more thorough study of their duties and learned the difference between legal prosecution and personal persecution.

#### "SLAUGHTERING THE INNOCENTS."

It is to be hoped that the recent conviction and sentence of "Doc" Fayer, the Brooklyn abortionist, and his female confederate, Eckhart, to State Prison, will prove salutary in checking a species of crime that stands pre-eminent in the list of human infamies.

This business has flourished in the two cities during the past few years in the most brazen manner. Its followers have not hesitated to advertise their brutal avocation openly in the daily press. Sanctimonious moralists and social "reformers" have, for some reason, let them severely alone, and those who are supposed to ferret out and eradicate such ulcers from the body social, have tacitly winked at and allowed this practice to go on uninterrupted until some hideous revelation of infanticide makes action necessary.

Such a course of procedure is radically and criminally wrong. Prevention should be the spirit of action in such cases. The life of one little innocent should be a sufficient incentive where the nature of a man's calling is known. There are several so-called "doctors" and "doctresses" located in this city who make no secret of their occupation, and it is the duty of the police to at once institute stringent measures for their extermination. Their haunts and names are well known to the GAZETTE, and unless the authorities move in the matter we will take them in hand, and we promise that our treatment will be at once stern and effective.

#### THE PARDONING POWER.

It is one of the prerogatives of the office of governor to grant pardon to criminals who have passed beyond the jurisdiction of courts. No power is so capable of abuse and injury to public weal as this, and its exercise should be governed solely by a desire for justice. Governor Robinson during his term of office has proved an excellent exemplar in this matter with but one or two exceptions, and an exception or two in a long term of faithful administration hardly affords a pretext for criticism. That political influence or personal bias has not been a motive in his exercise of the pardoning power, we believe to be the case. That these reasons in times past have been the motive, we know, and therein lies the danger. No officer, who takes a solemn oath to execute the laws faithfully has any right to upset them at his pleasure. The courts of a country are its bulwarks of protection, and a man who willfully violates the laws, and comes within the ban of their punishment should be made to bear its penalty to the fullest extent. During the administration of some of New York's governors pardons were

granted in so free a manner, that criminals almost felt that they had a license to act as they pleased. Its courts became a by-word of reproach, and the public regarded them as little better than a burlesque. This state of affairs has been done away with by Governor Robinson's rigid adherence to the right, and we trust that his successor will maintain an equally dignified course in his exercise of the pardoning power.

#### CHATHAM STREET DIVES.

We desire to call the attention of our readers and the authorities to the warfare we have begun on the low haunts which infest the down-towns. We give fair warning that we are in earnest, and shall continue the fight for extermination so long as they exist. These resorts have become so numerous and their owners so bold, that vigorous and determined action is necessary in order to check their bold career of lawlessness and crime.

In this crusade we shall be actuated wholly by a desire for the public good. No personal bias shall effect us in any way, nor any influence deter us from what we consider the right. In our present issue we have illustrated and described one resort and shall continue hereafter a series of vivid portrayals by pen and picture of the different haunts that disgrace New York. We have ample resource and information at hand, and we shall not hesitate to use them to good effect. The Police Board are earnestly requested to co-operate with us in our endeavors to purge the city of these pest-holes, which for some reason best known to themselves they have thus far neglected. Public opinion will not long tolerate this indifference on the part of the police to their duty, and the sooner they wake up to this fact the better.

#### FEMALE PEDESTRIANISM.

It is to be hoped that the recent female walking match will be the last of these disgusting exhibitions given in this city. Anything more demoralizing and debasing in public amusements can hardly be conceived. The wear and strain upon the constitutions of the participants is something which the medical profession alone can realize. That people of evident respectability can so far lower themselves as to assist, by paying an entrance fee, in backing up the unprincipled speculators who organize and manage them, is something that is not easily understood. We must congratulate Alderman John J. Morris for introducing at the last meeting, and the other members of the Board of Aldermen, for passing a resolution looking to the suppression and prevention of such exhibitions in the future.

#### WORDS OF COMMENDATION.

It is a matter of genuine pleasure to us that our graphic series of "Midnight Pictures" are meeting with that degree of public favor which their artistic excellence and truthfulness to life deserve. From all parts of the country come words of praise and encouragement, both by the press and public. Eminent clergymen join in the general approval, and one famous for his zeal in reclaiming fallen women pays us the compliment, "that one picture like 'A father's love and a daughter's waywardness' will accomplish more good than a volume of sermons." These "pictures" are not mere fancy sketches, but vivid portrayals of real life scenes that are enacted every week, and their illustration is an enterprise of which we are justly proud. No paper in the country has thus far entered this field with such great success, and our readers may rest assured that in the future we shall still lead the way in originality and merit.

#### Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portraits.]

Miss Harris, whose portrait adorns our gallery this week is a bright and fascinating terpsichorean artist, as well as a handsome, graceful and shapely woman of no ordinary physical endowments. During the run of "Enchantment" at Niblo's Garden, this city, she added in no small degree to the enjoyments of that spectacle.

The companion portrait is that of Mlle Silly, of the Theatre Nouveautés, Paris, who made a sensation in "Fleur d'Oranger." She is a talented and accomplished artiste whose beauty of face and dignity and elegance of action have attracted the universal attention of the habitués of the Parisian theatres.

#### Rough on "The Old Man."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Perhaps it would not be quite to the mark to quote that old and trite saying, "The course of true love never runs smooth," in reference to a case that is now exciting the good people of a western burgh; really more appropriate would be that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. Mr. Samuel Shook, a staid and wealthy citizen of Hillsboro, Ohio, recently came to the conclusion that he had been playing quite long enough with that invisible little gentleman who is always represented in the story books as "going around," not as the roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour, but, with his little bow and arrow, nailing two hearts together with an ecstatic thrill that should—The fact is that Mr. Shook found a

young lady who was willing to hear the parson read, "You take this woman to be your wedded wife," and was accordingly married. After the usual congratulations he took his newly made wife to a home that he had furnished in accordance with all the requirements of despotic fashion and prepared to enjoy the pleasures of wedded bliss. Two rowdies of the neighborhood, desiring to play what they considered to be a good joke on Mr. Shook, broke into the house that night while he was asleep and carried off the wife, frightening her into silence by brandishing pistols. They hid her for three days, and then returned her to the anxious and inconsolable husband, explaining that they intended no harm. Mr. Shook, not seeing the joke in that light, went before a magistrate, swore out warrants against his tormentors and had them arrested.

#### A Servant's Brave Fight.

During an entertainment given at the residence of Gen. John Hendrickson, at 144 West Forty-eight street, New York, on Monday evening last, a negro entered the basement, unknown to the servants, and secreted himself in the cellar, where, it afterward appeared, he fell asleep, and did not waken until about 5 o'clock in the morning. At that hour Mrs. Mary Redford, the cook, went down to the kitchen. When she lit the gas she discovered the burly form of the negro standing at a table in the front basement dining-room, examining the silverware. Mrs. Redford screamed and the intruder, hurrying into the kitchen, seized her by the throat, threw her down and struck her repeatedly on the head with a chisel which he carried, until she lay unconscious on the floor.

The chambermaid heard the cook's cries and hurried down stairs. As she stepped into the dining-room she saw the mulatto at one of the windows. At sight of her he dropped the silver which he was making up into a bundle, and without a word attacked her. She screamed so heartily as to arouse not only the people in the house but the people in the houses adjoining. The mulatto flung an arm about her neck and tried to choke her. He threw her down, but she was in a second on her feet again, and clung to him by the lapels of his coat. He dragged her some distance toward the back door, then threw her off and ran to one of the front windows. They were barred. The girl followed him across the dining-room and seized him once more by the collar and lapel of his coat. She held on tightly and buffeted the burglar heartily, though she was dragged and thrown about the room by him. When she had nearly torn off one of the lapels of his coat and had pulled his cravat from him he twisted himself away, made for the rear basement door and escaped, making his way over the rear fence into an adjoining yard and hid in an out-building, where he was discovered and arrested.

#### Leaping from a Burning Factory.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A fire took place about 8 o'clock on Monday evening, Dec. 22, in the chocolate manufactory of Louis Runkle, chocolate maker, in the basement of the buildings Nos. 227 to 233 West Twenty-ninth street, New York. The upper floors are occupied by the West, Bradley & Cary Corset Manufacturing Company. Between 300 and 400 hands, mostly females, are employed in the building. The girls are said to have acted in a very cool and collected manner, and made their escape by the main stairway. Four of the girls, however, who were working in the seventh story of the building, became thoroughly frightened, and leaped out a window on the end of the factory down upon the roof of an adjoining building, a distance of about 25 feet. These girls were Jennie Perry, aged nineteen, of No. 533 West Forty-fifth street, who was slightly wounded about the body; Susan and Catherine Mullaly, aged respectively twenty-six and fifteen, of No. 311 West Forty-second street, and Mary Buckridge, aged twenty-two, of No. 884 Tenth avenue. The Mullalys were burned about their bodies, and Mrs. Buckridge was slightly cut in the face and sprained her left arm. The police helped the women to the street, and they went to their homes—Mary Buckridge in an ambulance. Eliza Buckridge, her sister, was, with seven other girls, helped down the fire escape at the rear.

#### Fatal Ending of a Sad Case.

[With Portrait.]

On another page will be found a portrait of George Price, who is wanted by the authorities of Coshocton, Ohio, for procuring an abortion upon a young lady of that place, which ended fatally.

Price had been paying his attentions to Miss Mary Mason for the past three years. The young girl appeared to be perfectly enraptured with him, and her entire thoughts were devoted exclusively to young Price's welfare. Reposing every confidence in him the unguarded moment came when—it is, however, only the old, old story of confiding woman and base man. The abortionist services were called in, and Miss Mason now occupies a small space in the family burial plot.

Price is now a fugitive from justice, having fled when Mary made him aware of her condition. He belongs to one of the first families of Coshocton society, and has heretofore stood well in the community.

#### Stage Driver Stopped.

Elwood McCracken, stage-driver and mail-carrier between Kokomo and Young America Ind., while en route to the former place on Dec. 20th, just before daylight, was met in the road by a man and ordered to halt. While he endeavored to stop his horses, which became frightened and jerked him to one side, McCracken fired one shot at him and gave the whip to his horses. The man evidently was struck on some part of his body by the ball, as blood spots were shown on the snow.



## A SOCIETY SENSATION

That is Causing the True Inwardness of the St. Louis "Home Circle" To Be Talked About.

## BACCHANALIAN ORGIES.

A Peculiar Standard of Morality Set Up By the Creme de la Creme Organization of Western Society.

## BAN OF THE BLUE BLOOD.

The citizens of St. Louis are enjoying a social sensation of no insignificant dimensions. It involves the quintessence of the local aristocracy in an organized form, known as the "Home Circle." One of the periodical parties of the Circle, which calls for the longest and all the superlative adjectives in the society reporter's vocabulary, was given at the Lindell Hotel recently, and there was missing from the roll of guests, published in the newspapers of the following morning, a name than which there is none better known in Missouri. What prompts curiosity and makes the town-talk roar like the approach of a cyclone, is the following, which, while it explains, yet does not explain, why the name is missing. It appeared in the advertising columns of a morning paper:

"Special Notice.—I desire to inform my friends that at a recent meeting of the directors of the Home Circle, an association composed of the following directors: C. Bent Carr, J. Delaney, E. R. Norris, N. Chouteau, E. C. Larkland, E. Walsh, A. Pendleton, L. Kennett, W. H. Thompson, V. Reyburn, E. F. Wickham and Charles C. Maffitt, my name was omitted from membership. Respectfully,

"WILLIAM H. NAVE, of Nave & McCord."

To those who know what the Home Circle is to St. Louis society, there is a sort of superb independence in this bold card of Nave's, and it is doubtful if there is

## ANOTHER YOUNG MAN

in St. Louis who could have exhibited so much—well, what "A Man of the People" designates as pluck—under the circumstances. On the other hand, there is perhaps no one who could better afford to whistle and snap his fingers over this terrible exile. Young Nave is a native of Missouri. His grandfather—it isn't every young fellow of high social position in St. Louis who could afford to have his pedigree run back a couple of generations—settled here in 1816, when Missouri was a territory, and is now living, at the age of ninety-one. The father of the young man is Abram Nave, a wealthy wholesale grocer, who has branch houses in six western cities. The hero himself was educated at a college in the Old Dominion and graduated at Heidelberg, Germany. For a time he practiced law as a partner of ex-Governor Silas Woodson, at St. Joseph, and then entered the commercial life as more congenial. He is a stalwart young fellow, whom everybody knows and likes except the Home Circle. So much for the man. Now for

## THE WOMAN.

for it was no ordinary influence which could bring this ban of the blue blood upon such an eligible member. So far society has only whispered the first cause of this sensation. It is not exactly a case of "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." It is rather the vengeance wreaked by a social queen upon a careless courtier. Nave, it appears, recently gave desperate offense to that famed beauty of St. Louis, Miss Nellie Haseltine, she whom the newspapers some time ago would have espoused to Samuel J. Tilden, of Gramercy. Mr. Nave accompanied Miss Haseltine to an entertainment, which was something of a social event, at Pope's Theatre. Through the first act the escort was devoted to the lady. Then came the orchestral interlude, and a bevy of callow admirers in their steel-pen coats gathered about the woman who is to St. Louis what the Jersey Lily is to London. A dozen seats away sat Henry Ames, the wealthy pork packer, also of the Home Circle. Nave saw Ames, and Ames saw Nave. The pork-packer's eyes twinkled, and, in response to

## SOME MYSTERIOUS SIGNS.

Nave relinquished his seat to one of the moths fluttering about the candle of beauty, and disappeared arm-in-arm with Ames through the lobby doors. Wherever they went they found more of the Home Circle abroad. Nave finally tore himself away and returned to the dress circle, only to find his seat occupied. It struck him that his charge was being well cared for, and that the attraction without was greater than within for a few minutes longer. So he rejoined the Home Circle in front of the shining altar to Bacchus, and when, a little tardily, he started to return to his seat, the cutting information was conveyed to him that the displeased lady had discharged him from further service.

There is little of humility about Nave. He laughed when he found he wasn't wanted any longer, turned on his heel and made an evening of it. The next day the florist outdid himself in the fabrication of a delicate peace-offering. The flowers didn't come back, and a note followed them a few days later, but it had no answer. Seemingly

## THE INJURY

had sank deep. Then came the cut by the Home Circle. "The directors of the Home Circle had set up a certain standard and the fact that Mr. Nave's name had been omitted from the list was evidence of the care which was exercised in selecting the members." This was this phase of reform by which the banishment was explained by one of the directors, and high-toned people blush when they try to define the standard by which members of the charmed circle are to be judged. To be sure it was always known that it took money to carry a man into good fellow-

ship. So-called good manners and the disposition to live without too much work were supposed to be indispensable requisites. Brains weren't so necessary, and the requirement of morality was supposed to be only in its most moderate and cloak-like form.

Why, they tell of one Home Circle man, who attended a governor's reception at Jefferson City, not so long ago that it is forgotten, and who went to bed at daybreak in hat, swallow-tail, boots, lavender kids, and ruffled shirt, completely paralyzed, so to speak, for the time being. There is another, the very life of the Home Circle, a man of family at that, who didn't get home from one of the Circle's parties for nearly a week. A third has been known to spend Saturday night in bacchanalian

## ORGIES WITH CYPRIANS

and then appear in his pew Sunday morning, cleanly shaven and prepared to join in the liturgy. It is even said that one so far forgets his manhood as to pander to the lecherous propensities of a great actor who stars in St. Louis every winter. It is the amiable weakness of still another, whose father gave him some money and whose wife brought him more, to brag of his amours. This he does on every possible occasion regardless of his hearers, until his reputation as a rake amounts to that of a man with a mania. Was the penalty of banishment imposed for repudiating the bills of honest tradespeople, or for participation in swindling business transactions, the result would be more than devaluation of the Home Circle's ranks, and yet it is the organization of the *creme de la creme* of St. Louis society. The foibles of the members are not few, but they would not now be the object of so much attention and so many reminiscences but for the standard of reform which the Circle has ostensibly set up and by which young Nave has been declared naughty.

Truthfully speaking, the sensation is only one of a long series for which beautiful women have been responsible since the days of Troy and Helen.

## HOW HE RAISED THE WIND.

Additional Facts Brought to Light Showing How the Chicago Club was Taken in by its Secretary.

CHICAGO, Dec. 18.—About a month ago the officers of the Chicago Club made the discovery that Thomas R. Hill, one of the employees was a defaulter. Hill immediately left Chicago. Facts have since come to light showing that he was a much greater scamp than was supposed at the time of his flight, and also that the amount of his steals mount up in all to \$7,000. The sum of money taken from the Chicago Club did not exceed \$1,600. Of this \$400 was money contributed for a portrait of Mr. N. K. Fairbank, the president of the club. But it now turns out that, besides many small sums borrowed, there was \$5,000 raised by Hill by means of letter of attorney upon two mortgages belonging to a Dr. Palmer, of San Francisco. Dr. Palmer was invalid, who made his home in San Francisco because of ill health. He was originally from East Hampton, Mass., and knew Hill there, when a boy. The doctor desired to raise cash upon certain mortgages owned by him upon Chicago property. He sent a letter of attorney to Hill, empowering him to borrow. Upon the first letter of attorney Hill raised from a broker in this city \$2,500.

## INSTEAD OF SENDING THE MONEY

to Dr. Palmer, he appropriated it and sent word that the letter of attorney was faulty and could not be used, and asked that another be sent him. Meanwhile a German living at Rosehill offered to lend upon the mortgage the sum of \$5,000, if the \$2,500 already loaned was paid. When the second power of attorney was received from San Francisco, Hill borrowed the \$5,000 and paid the \$2,500 previously loaned.

When his shortages at the Chicago Club were discovered his conduct and habits were investigated and it was discovered that for a long period he had been an inveterate gambler, and that in one month preceding his flight, he had played very heavily. In a single sitting he had lost, at roulette, the sum of \$2,300. Indeed, so prominent had he become among the gambling fraternity that he is known by them still under the sobriquet of "the roulette player."

Hill was a Massachusetts boy of excellent family, and known in East Hampton by many of the young Chicago men who were educated at the famous East Hampton academy. He was engaged to be married to a most attractive lady in this city.

It was a rather remarkable coincidence, that the very day upon which the Chicago Club authorities, tired by his absence from his duties, but not suspecting his dishonesty, sent him a letter asking his resignation, he

## TOOK FLIGHT FROM THE CITY.

He never received the letter. His fiancée received the note and went to the club in tears, and very much alarmed. The club immediately looked up his record, and discovered his gaming habits. When he fled he took about \$2,000 in checks with him. These were drawn to the order of W. Scott Keith, secretary and treasurer of the club, and were sent back by Hill, under cover of the postmaster at St. Louis. The St. Louis postmaster, suspecting something crooked, made a memorandum upon the letter forwarded by him that it was postmarked "Monroe, Mich."

The Dr. Palmer who was victimized by Hill out of \$5,000, died very shortly after receiving news of his loss, and the hardship, if there be any, will fall upon his widow. The investigation shows that Hill lost the great bulk of his money at the gambling-rooms, at No. 2 Theatre court and No. 148 Clark street. The \$2,300 lost at a single sitting was lost at No. 2 Theatre court, several days before his flight. His playing was always done in the afternoon, and his habits were, for this reason, not calculated to excite suspicion. The matter has been given into the hands of the police.

William Kelly, charged with participating in the robbery of the Manhattan Savings Institution, New York, was convicted of burglary in the second degree and sentenced to ten years hard labor in the Sing Sing State Prison.

## ROTH'S DOUBLE CRIME.

He Almost Kills a Farmer's Wife and Takes all the Money—A Hired Man Without a Character.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most thrifty farmers in Astoria, N. Y., is William Noble, and he is credited among his neighbors with having stored away a goodly sum of money. The family consists of Mr. Noble and his wife, aged respectively sixty and fifty years, and an adopted son, John, aged eighteen years. About the 1st of December last Mr. Noble concluded that he needed a man to assist him in the work upon the farm. Mrs. Noble went to Castle Garden, having in her mind size and strength as the chief requisites in the choice of the man. Max Roth, a hardy young German, attracted her attention in the Garden by his height, six feet, and his muscular proportions, and she engaged him.

It has long been Mr. Noble's custom to keep his ready money in a wooden box that has stood on a shelf in a closet in his bedroom. At night, before retiring, he opened the box and added to its contents whatever cash he had received in the course of the day. As he lay in bed at night in the adjoining room Roth, it is believed, saw Mr. Noble put money in the box. Mr. Noble and his son came to New York on Saturday last in Mr. Noble's wagon to buy feed for the cows and pigs. As Mr. Noble was returning a friend ran after him, and said:

"Hurry home. There is great trouble there. Your hired man

## "HAS KILLED YOUR WIFE

and stolen your money."

Mr. Noble waited for no explanation, but whipped up his horses to their utmost speed. As he reached his gate he saw many neighbors on his porch. He sprang from his wagon, throwing the reins upon the horses' back and ran to his house. Some of the women on the porch held up their hands warningly, and would have prevented him from entering, but he disregarded them. He found his wife alive, but barely conscious. Dr. Taylor, the attending physician, said that she had three terrible wounds on her head, and he feared that her skull was fractured. Mrs. Noble told in a faint voice how she received the wounds.

"After you and John went away this morning," she said, "I put away the breakfast china, and then set to work to make the house tidy. While I was at work in the sitting-room Max came to the window and said:

"Mrs. Noble, I wish you would come to the barn and see what some of the pigs did. The boss will be mad when he comes home. I'm afraid." I thought that I might be able to show him how to repair whatever damage had been done before you got back, and I hurried to the barn. Just as I got within the door Max, without saying a word or giving any sign of anger, struck me with a baling stick upon the head. I screamed, and

## "HE STRUCK ME TWICE AGAIN.

I fell to the floor, and I remember no more until recovering consciousness, I found myself lying there. I crawled to the house, and here some of our neighbors, who came, having heard my scream when Max struck me, to ask whether there was anything the matter, found me. The women folk dressed my wounds and sent for Dr. Taylor."

In the barn Mr. Noble found a baling stick, to which blood and hair adhered. On the inner side of the right-hand leaf of the double doors was a broad spot of blood. He inferred that came from his wife's head as she fell, for just under it on the floor was a little pool of blood. Mr. Noble then looked after his money. He found only pieces of the box, and the valuable papers that it had contained on the floor of the closet. Apparently the box had been put there, and crushed under a heavy foot.

Roth's closing was missing from his room. The prints of a man's foot were in the roadway leading out of the big gate of the farm. They pointed toward Flushing. Mr. Noble and his neighbors concluded that Roth had taken this direction in his flight. Adam Heit volunteered to follow Roth, and ask Detective Edward E. Scheurer, who lives in Flushing avenue, to join in the chase. Mr. Heit found Detective Scheurer at home, and the latter, hastily hitching his horse, a fast roadster, to his buggy, took Mr. Heit in the buggy, and

## DROVE AT FULL SPEED

toward Flushing. In the vicinity of St. Roman's Well they saw a tall man walking swiftly ahead whom they recognized as Roth. When they caught up to him Detective Scheurer jumped from the buggy and putting his hand on Roth's arm arrested him. The prisoner stepped back and raised a stout stick that he carried, in a menacing manner. The detective, drawing his pistol, compelled Roth to drop the stick and get into the wagon, and he was driven to the Astoria police station. Upon being searched, \$47.75 that Mr. Noble identified as being his money, was found upon the murderer.

Upon being questioned, Roth said, "Mrs. Noble told me that I was to be like one of the family on the farm, and that I was to have what any one else had. But she did not treat me as she promised. She cooked different food for me, and she plagued me with her tongue all the time. I was standing near the fence, this morning, and some people came along, and they asked me what I was getting. I told them, and they said I was foolish to work when I could get more. I thought I would go away then. I went to my room, and packed up my clothes. Then I went to Mrs. Noble's room, struck her, and took all of her husband's money that I could find."

## The Grant Boom's Addenda.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20.—This city for the past week has been overrun by delegations of the "light-fingered" fraternity from all parts of the country. They were so numerous that it was almost impossible for the police to cope with them and place them under lock and key. There seemed to be fresh

"schools" always on hand to take the place of their unfortunate friends, and some very remunerative "raids" have been made. The most successful one yesterday was the case of James Watt, a miller, residing at 2,001 Girard avenue, and a member of the Commercial Exchange. Mr. Watt, about noon, drew \$1,500 from the Corn Exchange Bank and started down to the Exchange, arriving there at just about the juncture when General Grant was being received by the merchants. A man with a white coat pushed Mr. Watt over upon another, and before the miller had taken many steps into the lobby of the Exchange he found that his \$1,500 had vanished. He retraced his steps, and at the door noticed a bearded stranger, who had stood at his side when the white-coated stranger made the demonstration. Detectives Weyl and Jackson, who were keeping a close scrutiny of the crowd for pickpockets had already identified the man with the beard as one whom they had found in crowds at the Academy of Music and in front of the Mayor's office and had arrested him. This man, at a hearing before Magistrate Smite, said he was James Hamilton, otherwise Charles G. Lowe, the name he had given when first brought in. He claimed to be from Buffalo, N. Y., and said it was natural for him to be seen around the places General Grant visited, because he had been a soldier himself in the Eighty-fourth New York Volunteers, Colonel Conkling, commander. He was committed, under \$2,500 bail.

## A "COP'S" CAREER OF CRIME.

How He Cut up the Bodies of His Victims and Hid Them in the Sewers—Condemned to the Guillotine.

The trial of the policeman, Prevost, who murdered and mutilated M. Lenoble, a Jeweler, of Paris, France, took place Dec. 8th. As it is some time since the crime was committed, a summary of its horrible details may be of interest. In the evening of Sept. 10, between 8 and 9 o'clock, two women named Thiry and Calmel, were struck by the strange appearance of an individual who was passing along the Rue La Chapelle. Clad in a long blue blouse, with a silk cap on his head, this man, of singularly tall stature, carried a black basket on his arm, and as he came up to the openings of the sewer he took a parcel out of his basket and threw it down the sewer, giving it a push with his foot. The two women followed up the man until he disappeared in a side street. They picked up a bone to which some flesh still adhered and took it into a chemist's shop, where they were told it was the bone of a human arm. The commissaire of police being informed of the fact caused searches to be made that very night in the sewers of the quarter, and eighty fragments were found, which when put together formed the body of a man.

## THE HEAD WAS MISSING.

The women thought that the man in a blouse resembled Prevost, the policeman, who, it was found, had on that evening exchanged duty with another on the pretext that he was helping a friend to move. Prevost was sent for and questioned on the way he had employed his time; his answers were confused. The commissaire of police then brusquely confronted him with the remains, and asked him where the head was. Prevost lost countenance, and confessed that the head was in his rooms. The police made an examination of the rooms, and discovered not only the head of the victim, but also a quantity of jewelry and the instruments that had been used for cutting up the body. Light was soon thrown upon this lugubrious history. The victim was a commission agent in jewelry. He had had relations with Prevost, who wanted to buy a gold chain, payable in monthly bills of 25f. The bills were to be signed at Prevost's lodgings on Sept. 10th. While Lenoble was showing his wares Prevost struck him on the head with a heavy iron ball that is used for screwing up the connecting links between railway carriages. Before being a policeman Prevost had been a butcher, and remembering his old trade he took a knife and a chopper and

## CUT UP THE BODY

of his victim. This operation took him nearly all day, and, after throwing the pieces in the sewers, he went at 9 o'clock and supped at a wine-shop. He slept at his lodging and returned to his duty the next day as if nothing had happened. It was soon discovered that Prevost was not a novice in the art of spriting away cumbersome corpses. In 1876 Adele Blondin, a woman of Belgian origin, had mysteriously disappeared. This woman, who had been in service fifteen years, had had a little income of three hundred dollars a year left her by her former master. She became the mistress of Prevost, but did not live with him. She went to see Prevost and never returned, and has never been seen since. Prevost was not suspected at the time, but after the assassination of Lenoble an inquiry was opened; traces of blood were discovered on the floor of the lodging that he occupied in 1876, and on being taken to the spot he confessed that he had strangled Adele Blondin in order to get possession of the money, and that he had cut up her body.

## THROWN THE PIECES IN THE SEWERS.

and buried the head outside the fortifications. The cold brutality of the crime caused intense interest to be taken in the author of it. Besides, a sensational criminal trial is one of the things which, like a first representation at the theatre, has the privilege of exciting the attention of all Paris. The proceedings began with the reading of the *acte d'accusation*. The examination of the accused tended to show the premeditation of the crime; he admitted all the facts as regards the murder of Lenoble, as above related. The commissaire of police gave Prevost a good character and said that he was liked by his comrades. Other witnesses gave testimony to show that Prevost had had in his possession the property of Adele Blondin. The examination of the witnesses having been concluded the public prosecutor demanded a pitiless sentence. The counsel for the accused made a warm appeal to the mercy of the jury, who, after a deliberation of twenty minutes, brought in an affirmative verdict on all the points, without extenuating circumstances. Prevost was, consequently, condemned to death.



### WAS IT SELF-DEFENSE?

The Question that is at Present Agitating an Illinois Town—A Lady in the Case.

YORKVILLE, Ill., Dec. 17.—Corbin Bennett, a young farmer, residing near Plano, who shot and killed James Lanacre on Tuesday the 9th inst., as he alleged in self-defense, was to-day brought before Justice Orson Dolph, of Bristol village, on the charge of murder. The prisoner was represented by Hon. B. L. Divine, a criminal lawyer of Sycamore, who applied for and got a continuance until the 29th inst. After the shooting the coroner held an inquest, fully exonerating young Bennett, the verdict being that he acted in self-defense. It seems that Lanacre was employed in the Bennett family, and had become engaged to Ella Bennett, a miss of 16 summers, who claims she found out that Lanacre was a bad man, and broke the engagement with him over a month ago, and that after this he threatened to kill her if she did not marry him. On the young girl's informing her folks that she was engaged Lanacre was discharged, and went away, and on Tuesday returned to the house and entered the sitting-room where the girl and her mother were sitting, and asked the girl if she had returned the ring. She said she had. He then took hold of her arm with one hand, and put the other around her. The mother and sister interposed and tried to pull him away, and pushed him out of doors, where Corbin Bennett

#### FIRE THREE SHOTS

at Lanacre, which killed him instantly. Young Bennett claims that Lanacre was reaching for his pistol, when he fired and killed him in self-defense. It is claimed that the young girl was *enchanté* by Lanacre, and that on Saturday before the shooting Lanacre consulted an attorney in Aurora and wanted to marry the girl, and was advised to take the girl to Michigan, where he could marry her without her parents' consent. This report of her condition is stoutly denied by the Bennett family. Lanacre's parents reside at Thompsettown, Juniata county, Pa., where his body was sent Thursday evening by request of his father, John W. Wood of Yorkville, who is said to be a relative of Lanacre's made the complaint and caused the arrest of Bennett. A large number of witnesses have been summoned, and the examination will doubtless prove an exciting one. Messrs. Hopkins & Aldrich of Aurora, will prosecute for the people. It was the intention of many of the citizens to have the matter fully investigated by the grand jury at the January term of the circuit court of Kendall county, which will have to be done in any case.

### Disorderly or Not?

GREAT BEND, Kas., Dec. 18.—For the past few days the young men of the town, and some of the older ones too, have been laboring under more or less mental excitement. The cause thereof was the report that the proprietor of the Southern Hotel was to be arrested on the ground of keeping a disorderly house,



THEY GOT EVEN—A PARTY OF RAILROADERS BEFORE LEAVING TOWN DECIDE TO "CLEAN OUT" A BILLIARD SALOON—THEY BEAT THE BAR-KEEPER AND DEMOLISH THINGS GENERALLY; PORTLAND, IND.

and that various persons were to be subpoenaed to give testimony thereto. Yesterday the arrest was made, and to-day subpoenas was issued, taking in leading business men and prominent politicians. The City Council here seems to have plenary powers, and it is correctly thought that they will order the City Attorney to make no appearance. It is doubtful whether some of our "cold water" moralists will be satisfied thereby.

### They Got Even.

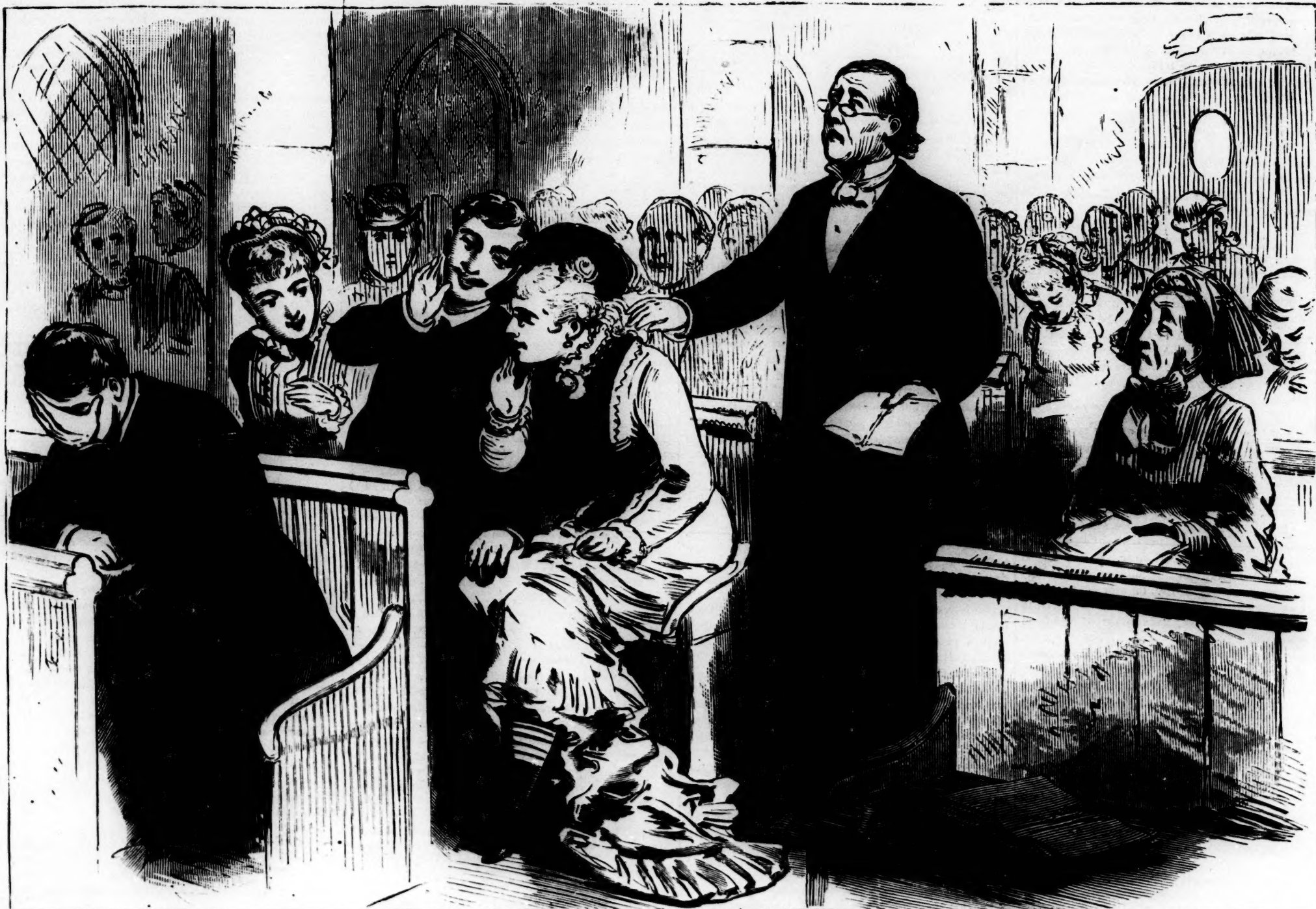
[Subject of Illustration.]

PORTLAND, Ind., Dec. 18.—The old trade palace corner was the scene of one of the most disgraceful rows on Monday night that has ever occurred in Portland. The corner room is used as a saloon, where the railroad men have been in the habit of spending their time evenings. It seems that an enmity had sprung up between the men and those who were operating the room, and it has been frequently talked of on the streets that the railroaders were "going through" the saloon before they left town. Monday the men received their pay, and in the evening they swooped down on the saloon, about fifty strong, and completely demolished everything they could get hold of, and beat the bar-keeper's head and face in a shocking manner. The billiard tables were destroyed by the lamps falling on them as they were knocked out of the chandeliers with billiard cues. There are different stories afloat as to the cause of the riot. Some say the leader of the gang won money there gambling, but failed to get it. Another story is that some of the men were allowed to stay there until they became drunk and were then kicked out. And again it is said that the boys went there on the evening of the row and wanted the bar-keeper to treat them. He refused to do it, and they sought revenge by mobbing the house. It was rumored on the street Tuesday that the marshal told the men to make a raid on the house, but this is denied by the officer.

### How They Worshipped.

[Subject of Illustration.]

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Dec. 18.—The Evangelical Church have been holding a series of evening meetings for some time, which have been taken advantage of by the young people of the town as a trysting place. The carryings on have been of so pronounced a character that the whole community were shocked, and in order to put a stop to it the horrified deacons finally made a complaint before a magistrate, in which they stated that the offenses consisted of "giggling, laughing, talking and misbehaving themselves generally while present at the evening services, and giving a great deal of scandal to members who were in attendance for devotional purposes." Warrants were issued and four young women with their beaux were arrested. The chances are that by the time these cases come up for disposal an example will be set which will deter others from interrupting exercises in that particular church.



HOW THEY WORSHIPPED—FRISKY YOUNG LADIES WHO HORRIFIED THE GOOD DEACONS AND PIOUS MEMBERS OF THE EVANGELICAL CHURCH—THEY GET LOCKED UP FOR LAUGHING, TALKING, AND "COURTING IN MEETING," THEREBY MAKING A GREAT DEAL OF SCANDAL; JOHNSTOWN, PENN.



## A Wicked Woman.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 18.—Mrs. Catharine Zell, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Mary Kiehl, at Carlisle, Pa., last month, was sentenced by Judge Herman to-day to be hanged. Forty-seven reasons had been filed for a new trial, none of which were deemed sufficient by the court to warrant the reopening of the case. Before the sentence of death was pronounced Mrs. Zell earnestly protested her innocence. The sentence appeared to effect Judge Herman much more than it did the prisoner. The crime for which Mrs. Zell is to suffer death on the gallows was the poisoning of a woman eighty-one years old, who resided in the suburbs of Carlisle. The condemned lived in the neighborhood and frequently visited the house of the deceased. It was shown by the testimony that she had been there during Mrs. Kiehl's illness, which terminated fatally in three days, after great suffering. The fact that Mr. Wynkoop, a justice of the peace, appeared as the sole legatee of the deceased, aroused the suspicion of foul play, and an investigation was instituted, which resulted in the discovery of arsenic in two coffee-pots in Mrs. Kiehl's house and in her stomach, her body having been exhumed about two weeks after death. Mrs. Zell is believed to have administered the poison at the instance of Wynkoop, who is in jail and will be tried in January. A writ of error will probably be taken out in the case.



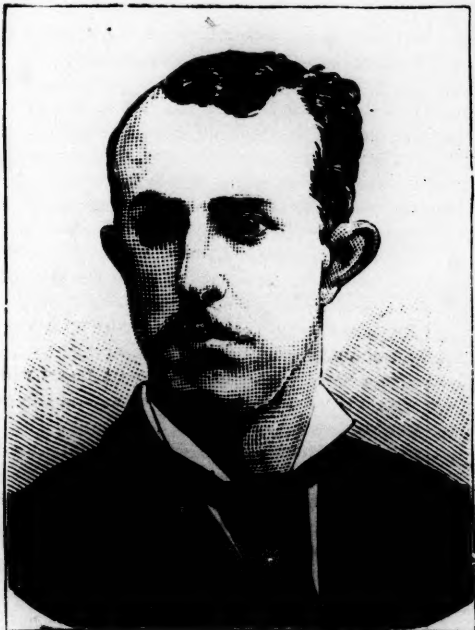
OBJECTED TO THE MARRIAGE.—A DEMONSTRATIVE STEP-MOTHER INTERFERES WITH THE CEREMONY AT THE WEDDING OF THOMAS PAVY AND MISS OLLIE JESSUP, AND HORRIFIED THE SPECTATORS; GREENSBURG, IND.

## Objected to the Marriage.

[Subject of Illustration.]  
GREENSBURG, Ind., Dec. 16.—At the residence of the bride's father near Downeyville, this county, Rev. Preston Jones united in marriage Mr. Thomas Pavy, of Indianapolis, and Miss Ollie Jessup, the handsome daughter of a wealthy farmer. Some fine presents were received, and all would have gone well had not the step-mother of the bride refused to hear the ceremony or to allow her husband or the bride's father to listen with any degree of comfort, and refusing to congratulate her daughter after the ceremony. The ceremony, however, was finally performed, and instead of "merry thoughts link'd with laughter," the usual attendant of weddings, a grave silence reigned supreme over the assemblage in the handsome homestead. Quite a good deal of gossip and excitement has been stirred up over the affair in the aristocratic circles of the northern part of the county.

## West Virginia "Red Men."

WHEELING, W. Va., Dec. 21.—The "Red Men" of Wetzel county a few nights since invaded Tyler county, adjoining. Five men masked and armed entered the store of W. J. Umpleby, one mile back from the Ohio river, near Matamoras. Felling Umpleby to the floor they robbed the store of \$500 in cash. Umpleby remained unconscious, and they thinking him dead set fire to the building.



GEORGE PRICE, WANTED FOR THE SEDUCTION AND DEATH OF MARY MASON BY ABORTION; COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Klouse threw herself from the track, but the train struck Miss Young and Mrs. Kreamer, throwing their bodies some forty or fifty feet into the air. That of the former dropped into the river. Death was instantaneous in both cases. Mrs. Klouse escaped with a few slight scratches, which she received by throwing herself from the track.

## More Mollie Maguires.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 19.—For some months past an organization known as "Terry's Gang," an outgrowth of the demoralized Mollie Maguire bands, has been the terror of Plymouth borough, a suburb of this city. The membership is composed mostly of the younger members in the mines, and they have in more than one instance been instrumental in electing to Councilmanic honors members of their Order. Recently quite a number of reputable citizens have disappeared mysteriously, and it is believed that some of them have been murdered. Only last week two men were acquitted by order of the court upon the ground that the *corpus delicti* had not been proved, although the jury were about ready to render a verdict of murder in the first degree.

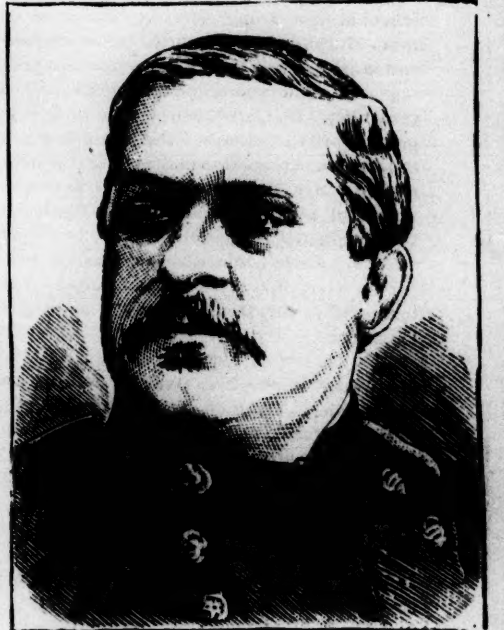
Last night Terry's gang, to the number of about a dozen, assembled in the streets of Plymouth, and, defying law and authority, insulted whomsoever they pleased. Then they went to the saloon of one Wilde, nearly opposite to their headquarters. There a young member of the gang named James Rooney proclaimed his intention to whip some one present. After repeated attempts to incite a riot he attacked a young man named Thomas Foley, and with a blow broke his neck. Foley died in ten minutes. Rooney fled,

but was captured this morning and is now in the county jail.

In an interview Rooney admitted that he attacked Foley with the intention of whipping him so that he would remember it. He said, furthermore, that they were a stronger society than the Mollie Maguires ever were in Plymouth, and he had no fears as to the result of his trial.

## She Wouldn't Have It.

PT. PLEASANT, W. Va., Dec. 16.—This town was thrown into a fever of excitement last night by the attempt of Mrs. Alf Sinclair to take the life of a woman named Sarah Alexander, a grass widow. The following particulars were afterward elicited: Alf St. Clair, the husband of the wronged woman, keeps a meat shop on one of the principal streets. He has, it is charged, been having clandestine meetings with Mrs. Alexander, and made arrangements with her to meet him in his shop at 7 o'clock last night. She came at the appointed time, and Mrs. Sinclair had been watching their manœuvres and saw her go into the shop. She waited for her to come out, but staying longer than was deemed prudent for a woman, she went into the shop, where she found her husband and the woman in the back room of the shop under very suspicious circumstances. Mrs. Sinclair grew furious and grabbed a large butcher knife and struck desperately at the woman two or three times, declaring that she would kill her now that she had finally caught her. She cut the woman severely on the back and other parts of the body, and was only prevented from killing her outright by the interference of her husband and other parties.



MAJOR MARCUS A. RENO, UNDER COURT MARTIAL FOR CONDUCT UNBECOMING AN OFFICER; FORT MEADE, DAKOTA.

of Mrs. Zell and the matter argued before the Supreme Court, in Philadelphia, in January.

## Killed by Express.

[Subject of Illustration.]

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Dec. 18.—A terrible accident occurred at the cut, near the Redington stone quarries, on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, this afternoon. Miss Young, daughter of Gabriel Young, a farmer of the village of Hope, and Mrs. John Kreamer and Mrs. John Klouse, farmers' wives, living in the same neighborhood had been to the store of the Coleraine Iron Works, at Redington, for the purpose of making purchases. On their way home they walked down the Lehigh Valley Railroad track, so as to shorten the distance to a small ferry which they had to cross in order to get to the opposite side of the stream. A coal train was moving down the road at the same time and they stepped over on to the up track, just as an express from New York came around the curve, running at the rate of about forty miles an hour. Mrs.



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS HARRIS, DANSEUSE, ONE OF THE BEAUTIES IN THE SPECTACLE OF "ENCHANTMENT," GLOBE THEATRE, BOSTON, MASS.—SEE PAGE 2.

and rode off. The fire was discovered in time to save Umpleby's life, but the store and contents, valued at \$3,000, were consumed. A posse of farmers in the neighborhood at once started in pursuit, but no arrests have yet been made.

## Abortionists Sentenced.

Nanette Sperry, alias Nanette Bolenino, alias Mme. Eckart, was arraigned in the General Sessions court, New York, on Monday last, on an indictment charging her with malpractice on the person of Minnie Pape of Brooklyn. Her alleged confederate, Dr. William Fayen, was convicted on Friday last, and the same evidence in his case was given against the Eckart woman. The jury found her guilty and she was sentenced to three years in the state prison. The prisoner sank back into her chair and gave way to tears. Dr. Fayen who was remanded until Monday for sentence is now in the Tombs, suffering from nervous prostration.



## MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

**A Battle Royal Between Rival Factions of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, Pa.**

## PASTORS AS PUGILISTS.

**The Female Members Improving the Opportunity, Settling Old Scores and Having a Grand Wrestling Match.**

## EYES BLACKENED, HEADS BROKEN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Pittsburg, Dec. 22.—The people of this city are in a fever of excitement to-day, owing to a disgraceful fight which took place in the First Reformed Presbyterian Church last night. The congregation have been divided for several weeks past in regard to the call recently extended to a new pastor, the Rev. Nevins Woodside. The quarrel has been an acrimonious one, and is at present in the courts. The faction opposed to Mr. Woodside claim fraud in his selection. The majority of the trustees took side against the pastor, while the congregation were determined that Mr. Woodside should be their pastor, especially as his call was sustained by the Presbytery. An appeal was taken to the Synod. The Woodside faction triumphed over their enemies, and on one occasion, notwithstanding the existence of an injunction restraining Woodside from preaching until the appeal was decided,

GAINED ADMISSION TO THE CHURCH by strategy, held the place all day and listened to a sermon by the pastor in the evening.

Last night Wm. Woodside found upon arriving at the church that the supply committee appointed another minister to preach yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and the Woodside faction held Sunday school at that hour. The opposition or disturbers came into church, interrupted the Sunday school, and announced their determination to hold a prayer-meeting then and there, changing the services from preaching. Douglas Munn, leader of the opposition, peremptorily interrupted the pastor when he began to make an explanation concerning the action of the session. Mrs. Munn also took part in the talk, and expressed her opinion of the Rev. Mr. Woodside in a very emphatic manner.

Mr. Woodside managed to say that he was the only person who could occupy that pulpit. He was interrupted by Mr. Houson, which interruption was a signal for

### A GENERAL UPROAR.

Mr. Woodside seized his rival by the coat collar and the broadest part of his unmentionables, then threw him bodily from the platform. The ejected minister scrambled hastily to his feet, and was about to rush up the platform steps again, when Deacon Ephraim Smith gave him a hot 'un under the right ear, thus knocking him out of time.

A scene of wild confusion followed. The trustees and Sunday school teachers took sides against the congregation. Women, instead of fainting, participated in the melee, and urged their escorts on in the fight.

At the foot of the altar the battle raged hottest. Here gray-haired old men made a vicious assault on the young leader of the bible class. He received several kicks in the stomach, and had his left ear badly bitten. He declares that an attempt was made to gouge his eyes out. Both

### HIS EYES WERE BLACKENED

one of them by a lady member of the choir, who hit him with a hymn book. Mr. Woodside from the platform battled desperately, and would have made a better record had not his supply of books run short. A heavy cuspidor was used with fine effect on the cranium of a bald-headed trustee. Two members of the Married Women's Bible Class improved the opportunity for settling old scores, and had a royal wrestling match in the centre aisle. A burly brute is charged with having kicked one of the contestants while she was down.

For at least twenty minutes the fight was conducted fiercely and without interruption. Police made an attempt to enter, but found the heavy doors barred. It appears that the sexton, on the breaking out of the trouble, locked the doors, as he says, to prevent scandal. As the fight waxed hotter, the sexton lost his presence of mind and ran up stairs into the organ loft, from which coign of vantage he

### HURLED THE CHOIR BOOKS

with great precision and earnestness. In the meantime an immense and excited crowd gathered in front of the church. The shrieks of women, the curses of men, and the falling of bodies could be heard distinctly by the crowd outside. A ladder was brought, and an effort was made to gain admittance through a window. A stout gentleman, whose wife was inside, was the first to mount the ladder. He succeeded in getting partially through the window, when the sash fell upon his back in such a way that he found it impossible to move ahead or back out. While in this plight the ladder was broken by the weight of several persons who were anxious to enter the church.

The short gentleman was assaulted in a cowardly manner by a man and woman, who blackened both of his eyes before he was extricated. Finally the church doors were burst open.

### THE POLICE RUSHED IN,

and made several arrests. The rival pastors were found in the thickest of the fray, presenting a very "groggy" appearance.

The interior of the church presents a wild and demoralized condition. Pews are broken, the remnants of glass globes strew the floor, hymn-books and Bibles are scattered in all directions as if they had been used as missiles, and a large quantity of hairpins and bangs have been gathered up. The utmost indigna-

tion prevails in church circles. The matter will be investigated by the Presbytery, and it is expected there will be some clerical suspensions. Taken all in all, it was one of the liveliest prayer-meetings ever held.

### CHICAGO ONCE MORE.

**She Still Holds First Place in the List of Unexplained Murders—The Police, as Usual, Call Them Suicides.**

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 20.—Last evening Gustav A. Lindau, a partner in a large printing establishment, left his home, No. 5 Mohawk street, to attend a meeting of a Masonic lodge, of which he was a member. His dead body was afterward found on Halsted street bridge, near a lonely and dread locality, known as Goose Island, under circumstances that lead to the belief that he was murdered, although there is good evidence in favor of the theory of suicide. As usual in such cases, the former theory is held to by the relatives of the deceased, and the latter by the police. However the matter may be finally settled, there can be no doubt that at present the case is a very mysterious one, to say the least.

The circumstances surrounding the man's death, so far as could be learned from the parties who could possibly have any knowledge of them, are these:

About 8:15 o'clock in the evening a young man named James Keegan, living near Halsted street bridge, who frequently spent the evening with Con Connors, tender of the bridge, in his little house at the south end of the structure, was about to cross the bridge from the north end, when he was met by a small boy, who said there was a drunken

### MAN LYING IN THE FOOTPATH.

Young Keegan immediately crossed over to the place indicated by the boy, and found a man prostrate across the walk, groaning as though in great agony, and wildly gesticulating with his arms. Thinking the man was drunk he endeavored to arouse him, but was unsuccessful. It was quite dark, and concluding that the man was ill, Keegan went to the bridge-tender's house and informed Connors of the presence of the man outside. In the house with Connors was a man named Timothy O'Brien, who remembered having heard the report of a pistol about half an hour before. Connors had a sore foot, and O'Brien went alone with Keegan to see what the trouble was. A dark lantern was procured from a watchman and an examination was made. Upon raising the man's head from the walk O'Brien discovered a bullet wound in his right temple, from which blood was oozing. Keegan and O'Brien at once informed the police of the man's condition, and Lieutenant Schumacher, of the Chicago avenue station, soon arrived at the scene. He found the body in the position in which it had evidently fallen. The right-hand pocket of the overcoat was turned inside out, and some papers were scattered about the walk. A wagon was procured, and, as the men were lifting the

### ALMOST LIFELESS FORM

from the ground, a 22-calibre pistol was found between the body and left arm. The man was removed to the police station, where he expired. Upon searching his pockets an invitation to attend Garden City Lodge, a masonic lodge, was found, from which the man's name was learned. Word was sent to his family at their residence on Mohawk street, and soon the father and brother of the dead man arrived at the station and identified him at once. From his relatives it was learned that Mr. Lindau had eaten his supper, as usual, during which he announced that he was going to the lodge, meaning the Garden City Lodge, on Milwaukee avenue. As he was about to leave, at 7:15 o'clock, his wife advised him to take a street car, as the road he would have to walk was a very dreary one. He said he would walk that time, but would make it a point to start earlier and ride afterward. He left home, and that is the

### LAST TIME THEY SAW HIM ALIVE.

His wife said that when he left home he had a silver watch and a considerable sum of money in his pocket, neither of which were found upon him when discovered.

None of the family would for a moment entertain the idea that he had committed suicide. They were sure he was in his right mind when he left home, and there was nothing in the world to induce him to take his own life. They were very sure that he had no business or family troubles, or anything that would make him melancholy. Furthermore, he never carried a pistol, and never had one about the house. The fact that he was found in that lonely place with a pistol between his body and left arm, where he would scarcely have dropped it if he had shot himself, confirmed their belief that he was murdered with a view of robbery.

The police are as confident that he committed suicide, and their opinion is strengthened by the fact that the pistol was a new one, and that Lieutenant Schumacher found a cartridge in his vest pocket.

The case is a strange one, and will bear close investigation by the coroner and police. It is not unlikely that he shot himself and was robbed afterward, but there is no doubt that he was robbed, and the thing is to find out when and by whom it was done.

### Major Marcus A. Reno, U. S. A.

[With Portrait.]

We this week present our readers with the portrait of an officer in the United States military service whose career has become somewhat notorious—Major Marcus A. Reno. He has recently been tried before a court-martial at Fort Meade, Dakota Territory, for "conduct unbecoming a gentleman and an officer." It will be remembered that about three years ago he was found guilty, by a similar court, held at Fort Abercrombie, of making improper proposals to the wife of a brother officer, and of casting slurs upon her character. It has always been claimed by army officers that any person holding a commission must at all times be a gentleman. The present case is surely an exception.

## AFTER ELEVEN YEARS.

**An Arrest in Chicago of an Express Robber Which Illustrates the Tenacity of a Competent Detective.**

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 18.—The arrest in this city yesterday by William Pinkerton, of a fugitive from justice for eleven years, demonstrates how futile a criminal's efforts to evade the arm of the law generally proves. For several years previous to December, 1868, Thomas Wall held the responsible position of night watchman in the main office of the Southern Express Company, at New Orleans. This position had been awarded to him through the intervention of Messrs. Ranger & Co., of New Orleans, a firm recognized in those days as among the heaviest cotton operators in the world, and in whose employ he had faithfully served for many years previous. While employed by the firm in question, large amounts of money were entrusted to Wall's keeping, all of which was faithfully guarded and promptly accounted for, inspiring confidence in his integrity to an unusual degree. Wall's new position in the employ of the Southern Express Company added to his responsibility in a financial way, the amount of gold at times under his supervision footing up as high as

### HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

On the night of the 23d of December, 1868, a large amount of gold, in transit, was brought to the express company's office at New Orleans, in charge of Messenger Thomas W. Sparrow, who, accompanied by Wall remained in charge.

The burning, at an early hour in the morning, of a block of buildings near the office of the express company, had sufficient attractions to draw the messenger from his responsible charge, and in the direction of the fire, where he remained for the better part of an hour. On returning to his duties he was astonished to find that Wall had absented himself, but for a time felt easy in the supposition that the attractions of the fire had also been too much for the prudence of the watchman.

Wall's continued absence led the messenger to institute a search of the office about 4 o'clock in the morning, in the supposition that he had gone to sleep in some secluded corner. In the course of the messenger's search he came to a sudden and abrupt realization of the fact that the safe in which the gold under his charge had been brought in had been rifled. Further investigation showed that \$10,000 of the gold was missing. Wall's absence left no room to doubt that he was the thief, and the matter was immediately placed in the hands of the authorities.

Pinkerton, who happened to be in New Orleans at the time working a case for the express company, gathered all the facts connected with the robbery, and instituted a careful search for Wall. The detective learned among other things in his preliminary arrangements for the hunt, that Wall had managed in some manner to

### GAIN POSSESSION OF THE KEY

to the safe from the pockets of the messenger, while the latter was asleep in the early part of the night. A negro porter connected with the building, and who had seen Wall leave the premises immediately after committing the robbery, fortunately, had in his possession a joint photograph of the thief and his affianced, a young woman in Boston. Armed with this clue for identification, Pinkerton's entire force was turned loose, for several weeks, upon the fugitive, William Pinkerton, in the mean time, following the case without interruption, and at the expiration of a month from the date of the robbery succeeded in running Wall into the wilds of Texas. Here all traces of the robber were lost, and nothing was left for the detectives to do but scatter his photographs in various directions for identification, should he ever turn up. Attention had also been directed to the young woman in Boston, supposed to be Wall's affianced, and whose photograph was also in the hand of the detective; but a search for her whereabouts proved fruitless of success. In brief,

### NOTHING WAS HEARD OF THE PAIR

until some ten days ago, when one of Pinkerton's operators, happening to be in the neighborhood of Lake and Dearborn streets, noticed a man crossing southward on the latter street, in whom he thought he recognized a striking resemblance to Wall's photograph. The detective shadowed his man, and finally located him in a comfortable residence on Wentworth avenue, near Forty-third street, where he was known under the name of Robert Smith. It was learned that Smith, who turned out to be none other than Wall, had recently purchased the property on Wentworth avenue, in which himself and wife resided, for the purpose of embarking in the grocery business, and was actively preparing to carry out his commercial designs when placed under arrest on yesterday by William Pinkerton and Edward Longdeman, the latter of the city detective force, and who aided to an important extent in the work of identification. The detectives have been confident of the man's identity for the better part of a week, but concluded not to move in the matter until a requisition could be procured for Wall's immediate transfer to Louisiana. To effect this purpose Pinkerton forwarded a dispatch on Saturday last to M. J. O'Brien, the general superintendent of the Southern Express Company, at New Orleans, asking for the necessary state papers to secure Wall. The request was promptly complied with, the papers arriving on yesterday morning, and at a later hour of the day

### THE ARREST

was effected at Wall's residence on Wentworth avenue as above stated. When informed of the changed condition of affairs Wall expressed ignorance of the charge, denying that he had ever been a resident of New Orleans; but, on being confronted with the old photograph and other evidences of his identity, he gave way with the remark:

"Boys, I made a fool of myself and must suffer the consequences."

Turning to his wife, who by the way, proves to be the Boston girl whose picture, together with that of

watchman, was turned over to the detectives just eleven years ago, Wall said:

"Mary, this is all new to you, but I thought it best to keep it to myself."

The worse than bereaved wife clung to the husband with piteous appeals to the detectives not to charge him with the foul crime of robbery.

"Robert, is there not some mistake about this horrible charge?" she appealed to her husband. But the unfortunate man had not the fortitude to answer, and asked to be removed from the scene."

Wall recounts without hesitancy his checkered career since the night of the robbery. He immediately after gaining

### POSSESSION OF THE MONEY

made his way to the border of Texas, then but sparsely settled, and remained there for a couple of years. At the expiration of this time he worked his way toward Boston, still retaining in his possession over \$10,000 of the ill-gotten gold. Arriving at Boston, he traced out his affianced—the woman who is now made acquainted, for the first time, of the secret whereby her husband became suddenly wealthy—and was there married.

New York was reached by the newly-wedded couple and from there they took passage on a steamer for San Francisco. Wall confesses that his career in the latter city was a riotous one, the irregular habits of life contracted being in large part brought about by a conscious dread of the justice that was sure to overtake him sometime.

About two months ago, at the solicitation of his wife, Wall closed his business in San Francisco, and came on to Chicago to invest the remaining \$1,500 of his plunder in some commercial calling. The results of his career here have already been recited.

### OBJECTS TO SAINTLY BONDAGE.

**The Daughter of the Mormon President Escapes from the Harem—Captured and Returned.**

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Dec. 17.—This morning Josephine Taylor, polygamous daughter of President Taylor, was brought back to this city from Uintah, where she was seeking to escape from her father. It seems that she left here on Wednesday morning, and took at Ogden the emigrant train East. The conductor found her without a ticket, and, on asking an explanation was told she had none, and she then recited a long story of wrongs endured in her father's harem. She wanted, she said, with tears in her eyes, to escape the tyranny of her father, and plead to be carried East. The conductor refused, but promised assistance, and telegraphed to Omaha for a pass, which was refused unless the consent of her father was obtained. She was put off at Uintah, and applied to a Gentile for protection from pursuing relatives. He refused, saying the people were all Mormons, and she could find shelter with them. She

### FINALLY FOUND A HOME

with a Mormon family, where she was discovered by her brother, Ed. Taylor, and an employee of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, and brought here. An interview with her brother elicited the fact that Josephine had been sickly for a long time, and, while temporarily insane, left the city. He says she has been suffering from heart disease for years, but will soon recover. Others scout the story, and say she left for what is well known here, the tyranny of President Taylor. Josephine's brother was on the street this evening, acting strangely for a brother whose sister is in such a condition. His story finds no credence, as Taylor is known to be harsh to children, recently threatening to damn Josephine's brother, A. B. Taylor, a lawyer, should he start a paper at Provo. The family relations have been unpleasant, and the belief of all classes is that the cause of her flight is to be found in this unpleasantness and an allopathic dose of celestial marriage. The matter is kept as quiet as possible by the Mormons, and it is extremely difficult to get at particulars.

### An Unthankful Government.

FORT RENO, Indian Territory, Dec. 16.—In the fall of the year 1878 the Cheyenne Indians deserted this reservation and were followed by United States troops. Among the companies that participated in that inglorious chase were H and G, of the Fourth Cavalry, stationed at this post. When some 300 miles out they had a severe encounter with the hostiles, the result of which is already known. Two men were killed, Corporal Lynch, of G Company, and a private of H Company. They were hastily buried on the spot, without coffin or ceremony, by their comrades. Of that part of the story no one can find fault, owing to the circumstances of the time, fighting, pursuing, etc. After a year has elapsed a party is sent out to bring in the remains in charge of Captain Gunther, of the Fourth Cavalry, who brought back the bones, those of each person being placed separately in grain sacks. Coffins were made at the headquarters, and the remains hastily buried without the usual ceremony of a firing party or an escort nor the slightest religious ceremony. Even among the comrades of the deceased the burial was not made known. The flag of the post was not even lowered to half-mast. Oh! had it been an officer. Yes, responds an echo, had it been. But, no; they were poor devils of enlisted men, who with fond and loving friends—aye, sisters and mothers, if not wives—left all, and went forward at their country's call and met their sad fate, and then were buried. How? Like dogs? No. Even the master of a faithful dog will respect his remains. No; buried like something loathsome to behold. Peace be to their ashes. God knows they have the sympathy, although unconscious of it, of their old comrades in arms, who but barely escaped a like fate. Be it said to the credit of Captain Gunther that he was the only officer who was present at the burial, and not in military array, but as an officer off duty and desirous of witnessing the burial of the man belonging to his own company.



## THE GREAT TRANSGRESSION

Which Has Created a Sensation in Hannibal, Missouri—A Church That is a Hot-Bed of Immorality.

## THE LATTER-DAY JOSEPH

Whose Explanation Not Being Satisfactory, is Incontinently Bounced—The Woman Says it Was all Because She

## SNUBBED HER HUSBAND'S MISTRESS.

The citizens of Hannibal, Mo., are now revelling in a sensation which has shocked the community from centre to circumference, and the developments, if the true inwardness of the case is ever brought to light, will either show it to be one of the most gigantic conspiracies of blackmail ever attempted, or that the First Congregational Church of Hannibal has been a hot-bed of immorality, such as has seldom hitherto been known in Christendom.

Ten years ago the city contained a social circle that was unequalled in brilliancy by any other city in the West. The segments were a score or more of married couples, of cultivation and wealth, ranging in age from twenty-five to thirty-five years. The receptions, suppers, parties and excursions given by them were models of elegance, so far as appointments were concerned, and they were so pleasant that to miss an opportunity to attend one of them was esteemed a great hardship. Cards, champagne and late hours were invariably concomitants of one of these gatherings, and under their genial influence conversation was brilliant and free. Not to trace this condition of things to its logical and inevitable conclusion, step by step, it may be briefly stated that a

## SCORE OR MORE OF SCANDALS

have subsequently developed. In some cases they have been suppressed; in others they have led to open rupture and separation.

The parties implicated are prominent members of a prominent church. The man in the case is none other than Cyrus O. Godfrey, and the woman is the wife of John J. Cruikshank, Jr. Ten years ago Mr. Godfrey was one of the wealthiest men in the West. He was at the head of many great corporations and private business enterprises. He had built a magnificent mansion in the centre of spacious grounds, and surrounded and furnished it with all that money and taste could command. He was the father of the Congregational Church and the superintendent of its Sabbath school, and was most active and earnest in all good works. When the panic of 1873 came the bulk of his widely-scattered fortune was swept away, and since then he has been struggling against adverse fate with indifferent success.

Mr. Cruikshank was, and is to-day, one of the heavy lumber merchants of the Mississippi valley. His wife was, and is even at the age of forty,

## A BEAUTIFUL AND ATTRACTIVE WOMAN.

It may be stated incidentally that Mr. Godfrey was not an active member of the social circle mentioned above, his age entitling him to nothing more than honorary membership.

Not long ago Mr. Cruikshank, who is also a member of the Congregational Church, privately informed the church authorities that he had ample grounds for believing that Mr. Godfrey had, several years before, been on terms of criminal intimacy with his (Cruikshank's) wife. In support of his statement he presented what purported to be a written confession, signed by Mr. Godfrey, in which that gentleman practically, it was thought, admitted his guilt. Mr. Cruikshank's story ran about as follows:

He had for some time entertained grave suspicions that Godfrey had been too intimate with Mrs. Cruikshank, and at length had boldly charged her with the offense. The result was, as he said, a verbal confession, reluctantly made, which fully justified his suspicions. He then went to Mr. Godfrey and demanded a written acknowledgment from him, promising that it should be kept a secret and only used in the family. Mr. Godfrey was indignant at first, and of course

## REFUSED TO MAKE ANY ADMISSIONS,

and it was only that Mr. Cruikshank threatened to lay the whole matter before Mrs. Godfrey that he was brought to terms.

The statement is made, on the authority of several of the most reliable men in Hannibal, that he wrote out and signed one of the most remarkable confessions ever committed to paper. It is far too circumstantial and specific for publication, and the merest outlines only are tolerable. It sets forth that on one occasion several years ago Mr. Godfrey and Mrs. Cruikshank were at the same time stopping at the same hotel in an eastern city. During the evening she tendered him an invitation to visit her room, which he reluctantly accepted. Gently at first, but at length with much persistence, the woman entreated him to remain with her for the night. He was shocked and horrified at the suggestion, endeavoring by every means and argument to dissuade her from pressing such an unholy demand. His opposition, however, only increased her determination to jeopardize his

## REPUTATION FOR VIRTUE,

and he finally consented to comply with her request to spend the night in her society, but only after exacting a solemn promise that she would not tempt him or tamper with him.

Before retiring for the night he fell upon his knees at the bedside and most fervently prayed that Almighty God would give him strength to pass through the trying ordeal unscathed. The further details of how he passed the night are unfit for publication. It is enough to say that, according to the good and saintly Mr. Godfrey's statement, never before did man's strength achieve such a brilliant vic-

tory over woman's passion and weakness; never was prayer more directly and specifically answered. They had passed through the fire, as it were, sanctified, and emerged triumphantly without even the smell of smoke on their garments—stronger, purer, better, happier than before.

The case having been brought before the church, the officers concluded to hold a meeting themselves to consider what action should be taken in the matter. The question brought up was whether the church should continue to hold in fellowship members breaking the laws of God and the church, thus bringing about an inevitable dissolution of the congregation, or, by expelling the guilty parties show to the world that such practices were not to be countenanced by them, and thereby preserve the stability and good repute of the church.

The latter course was adopted, and a committee was appointed to investigate the rumors that were derogatory to the good character of a number of its members. The committee

## HELD NUMEROUS CLANDESTINE MEETINGS

from time to time, at which evidence was heard and the matter investigated, but Mrs. Cruikshank had no notice of the meetings, and no opportunity of appearing or being represented, and was not present, and knew nothing about the proceedings.

Mr. Godfrey appeared before the committee and confessed his guilt as specified in the written confession, after making several unimportant changes in the reading of his confession, but at the same time declaring that he had been compelled to make the confession by intimidation and threats. He stated, it is reported, that he had frequently taken improper liberties with Mrs. Cruikshank, but had at no time committed adultery with her.

At a meeting held on the evening of December 10, 1879, for the purpose of considering matters of church discipline, the committee reported to the assembled church members that they had, in accordance with the requirements of the church, made inquiry into certain offenses alleged by credible rumors to have been committed by brother C. O. Godfrey. The complaint, so far as it refers to gross immorality, had its origin six or eight years ago. While it caused much scandal at the time, the knowledge of the facts never assumed a definite form until within the last few months. After careful consideration of this matter, and various consultations with Mr. Godfrey, it is his desire, as well as that of the members of the committee, to dispose of his case in such a manner as, while it vindicates the honor of the church, will avoid as far as possible

## GIVING DETAILS TO SCANDALS

"inflicting pain or disgrace not necessary to the honor of Christ." After hearing the admission made by Mr. Godfrey and examining the evidence produced, we recommend that the name of Mr. Cyrus O. Godfrey be stricken from the roll of members of this church for cause.

Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank were both present at the meeting, but Mr. Godfrey did not put in an appearance. A representative stated that it was Mr. Godfrey's wish that the recommendation of the committee should be adopted without discussion.

Mrs. Cruikshank stated that she had come to the meeting uninvited, but that she had a statement which she desired might be read. Objection was made that the reading of the paper was out of order, and that no other name than that of Mr. Godfrey had been mentioned in the report of the committee. Mrs. Cruikshank stated that it was universally understood that she was implicated in the affair, and that in justice to herself the paper should be read. An almost unanimous vote of the members decided in favor of the reading of

## MRS. CRUIKSHANK'S STATEMENT:

"I am informed that this meeting is occasioned by some occult rehearsals in the church committee compromising my name, and though I am not the member ostensibly on trial, and though I am not invited here, I beg leave to offer some assertions in my own vindication which at a proper contingency will not be unsupported by lawful proof.

"I come here alone. The only man on whom I have any legal claim for protection has for eighteen months been, and now is, my most persistent enemy and my busiest calumniator. But there are in this church gentlemen and ladies whose individual honor will bespeak for me an impartial consideration.

"This prosecution does not arise in the ordinary course, or for the ordinary purpose of church discipline, but it is immediately originated and maintained at the instance of private malice, primarily to disgrace me in public because I have refused to be dishonored in private—an attempt to defile my reputation, the fitting sequel to a more perfidious conspiracy to murder my character.

"If I had been willing to prostitute my home and wifehood to the indorsement of a successful rival and the toleration of her companionship and presence; if I had consented to make my domestic relations the harbor, the covert or the voucher for the

## ENJOYMENT OF A SURPLUS FAMILY.

I would never have been persecuted or maligned, and this meeting never would have been convoked.

"Long ago in the event of my refusal to become a party to this infamy I was promised in threats of dark malediction an eventual programme of defamation and disgrace, and the instigation of this proceeding reveals the extent of my defiance and the industry with which the promises are observed.

"In order to successfully attack me it was considered necessary to go out of the county where I was born and reared and to resort to my record in periods long past on occasions when I was deprived of the protection of neighbors or friends. I am told that the matter now in hand involve affairs occurring seven or eight years ago when, under the necessities of medical resort in a distant city, I was at times specially placed in the care and the charge of a trusted protector whose conduct in that capacity now stands arraigned. I knew at the time that I was specially confided to the protection of this person, but the public here did not know that his association with me was by the express authority and

## REQUEST OF MY HUSBAND.

and rumors at once became rife, both in this city and in this congregation, derogatory to me and the party now on trial, then and ever since both members of this church. But these rumors were unknown to me at the time, nor was I informed of them until after my return in 1873, whereupon I immediately forbade the offender my presence, nor have we ever since been brought together, save in the presence of his wife and by my husband's authority.

"Pending the prevalence of these rumors my father, unknown to me, went to my husband, informed him of the same and demanded my return to my home, but my husband grossly insulted my aged father, and assured him that my absence from home was required in the interest of my health, that I was afflicted with physical ailment of such character as to render such rumors outrageously absurd and ridiculous, and furthermore he then notified my father that the gentleman involved was my husband's intimate friend, and by special authority I was under his special charge, and he, my husband, was alone responsible for me, and it was

## NOBODY ELSE'S BUSINESS.

My father went away silenced, and the demand for my return was not complied with. This matter I learned for the first time after my husband's declaration of war.

"If this complaint or arraignment was ever to have come up in regular course of church discipline, the time was then when the matter was recent and when witnesses were alive. But as my husband then forestalled investigation, so now when, because I discarded and denounced his so-called 'dearest friend,' it suits his convenience to redeem his threats, to 'drag me down to the lowest hell,' He unearths the well-thumbed document he holds as his certificate of defilement, and as the financial autocrat of this church he touches the secret springs which move the machinery of this organization, and attempts to use this body as a tool in his hands to proscribe me, not for denying, but for asserting

## THE RIGHTS OF A LAWFUL WIFE.

"As to the statement or simulated confessions now brought forward I pronounce them absolutely and utterly false, and announce myself ready to meet this or any other accusation.

"I appeal to this people, who have known me from my infancy, who have known me during twenty years of married life, to point out in my record here one blemish or reproach on my good name. My conduct here is known to all, and in its particulars, challenging criticism or rebuke, I rest my claims for candid treatment."

After some discussion the report of the committee was adopted and the expulsion of Mr. Godfrey ordered. The chairman announced that the cases of Mr. Cruikshank and Mrs. C. P. Heywood would next be investigated, and stated that the latter had demanded an investigation into the rumors concerning her character.

## IT WILL OUT.

**A Murder Committed Over Ten Years Ago by Prominent Officials Just Brought to Light—All the Participants Arrested.**

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, Dec. 19. —A more than usual excitement was created here last night when it became known that Sheriff Reed had arrested three prominent residents of this county for a murder committed over ten years ago. In March, 1869, Calvin Bradway, sixty years of age, was shot and killed in his own house. He had killed a man several years previous, and to escape punishment therefor went into the war. Just before he was murdered he raped his daughter-in-law, and was under arrest, and was being guarded by two officers the night he was shot. Whether he was killed by a friend of the man he murdered, or by parties who felt that he ought to be killed for the outrage committed on the daughter-in-law, no one was able to ascertain at the time, and in fact nothing definite as to that is yet known.

The grand jury, now in session here, found an indictment on

## A CONFESSION

made by a man that Bradway had been killed by himself and two others. The names of the parties indicted are Thomas Sheets, David McGee, and M. R. Groshough. In 1874 McGee confided the secret of his crime to a friend, and through that friend the history of the bloody deed was brought to the attention of the grand jury, which found an indictment against them. McGee has suffered mental agony for years, so much so much so that his neighbors have observed his unnatural conduct. It was while under the influence of liquor that he confided his guilt to a friend. He remarked that he had a secret he wanted to tell, and, after telling it to one, told it to another, and the result is the indictment and arrest of the three conspirators. McGee confessed that he shot Bradway, and said that Groshough refused to go with him and Sheets, after agreeing to do so, and that he (McGee) and Sheets went to Bradway's house, twenty-five miles east of Council Bluffs, Sheets carrying a gun. When they got to the house they looked

## THROUGH THE WINDOW

and saw Bradway inside, where he was being guarded by two officers. Sheets began to tremble, and said he could not do the deed, and whispered to McGee for him to do it. McGee took the gun, and shot Bradway dead. They then went home, less than a mile away, and went to bed.

The crime has remained their own secret until the present time, except the confession made by McGee to two friends, who now, five years after it came to their knowledge, give him and his confederates away, and cause them to be indicted and lodged in jail. The matter produces a great sensation here and throughout the country, as the accused parties are old settlers of the county, and well to do financially. Sheets has been prominent in county politics, and was once elected by the republicans as county commissioner, and is a man of much more than ordinary intelligence concerning public affairs.

## TIRED OF LIFE.

**Some Cowards Who Were Afraid to Still Further Pursue the Battles, Trials and Privations of This World.**

## A FARMER.

ANNA, O., Dec. 16.—Henry Bretches, a farmer, seventy-eight years old, living near Swander's Station, this county, committed suicide last night by shooting himself at his residence, in this city. He imagined that every one was down upon him because he was poor. He was a sober, quiet man, and leaves a wife and two children.

## A BARBER.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 17.—Charles Willard, or Willet, a barber, who came here five days ago from Cincinnati, has been drinking heavily for three days. To-day at noon, being upbraided by his employer, he took a large dose of morphine, with fatal effect. He had been accustomed to the use of morphine, and it is not known whether his death is the result of suicidal attempt or accident.

## MANAGER OF A DRUG HOUSE.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 17.—Robert L. Edgerton, forty-seven years of age, shot himself dead at his home to-day. Edgerton was manager of the wholesale department of the drug house of Alford, Newhouse & Co., and for many years a member of the firm of Edward Wilder & Co. The jury's verdict was death from a pistol-shot wound, inflicted while under temporary aberration of mind.

## SLANDER DID IT.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Dec. 19.—Early this morning Andrew Lampo, aged forty-two years, a farmer, residing six miles from this city, was found hanging by the neck, dead. Lampo had a suit on trial for slander, which was likely to go against him, which is believed to be the cause for the deed. Deceased left a statement, said to be anything but pleasant, to several prominent men in the vicinity.

## A NEWSPAPER COLLECTOR.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 21.—This morning George H. Crowley, a collector for the *Daily Union*, cut his throat with a large jack-knife, completely severing the windpipe. His wife discovered his condition, and while she attempted to raise him he tore the already ghastly wound to twice its size with his hand. He is twenty-eight years old and has a wife and three children. He became despondent and insane because his name was wrongfully published in the *Blue Book* of the Mercantile Union for the collection of bad debts. He was an estimable young man and generally respected.

## A REAL ESTATE DEALER.

TOPEKA, Kan., Dec. 19.—D. A. Hudolph, a real estate dealer of this city, was arrested to-day on the charge of forgery. He was allowed to consult with his lawyer, who became responsible for his appearance for his examination in an hour. Before the completion of the consultation he went to his office, took a pistol, went into the furnace-room, and shot himself in the head. He declared that he had not committed forgery, but acknowledged that he had borrowed money on the instrument alleged to be a forgery, but which had been left with him for safe-keeping. His clerk also swears that he did not forge the instrument. He came here two years ago from Cass county.

## A DOCTOR.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 17.—Dr. Bentley S. Whittier, a prominent physician of this city, was found on Sunday last in a dying condition in his bedroom. At the coroner's inquest Mr. James W. Secrest, his father-in-law, testified: "There has been trouble between him and his wife, who is my daughter, on account of his treatment of her; the last talk I had with him was on Saturday evening, when he said he wanted to go out home with me and see his wife and the children; that he intended to turn over a new leaf, to become a new man, to lead a different life, and to be home every night; he then commenced crying and continued crying most pitifully for about twenty minutes; he came home with me that evening; he took his wife up stairs, and they had a long talk; he wanted her to agree to a reconciliation and renew her relations with him from that moment; they talked till about 11 o'clock, when I went up and advised them to make up and be happy and to make an agreement, and on Monday to go to their lawyers' offices and have the divorce case taken out of court; he was willing to do so, but his wife, without giving full consent, agreed to meet him at her lawyer's office on Monday or Tuesday; he cried and begged forgiveness, he acknowledging all of his wrong acts; when he started away he said: 'Well, Hattie, if you never see me again, remember it I n't your fault; it's all mine;' he came down stairs, and I said: 'Well, Bentley, I suppose you've got this arranged for Monday;' he said yes, and my wife caught him by the hand and prayed that they would live happy; he and she both cried, and he asked us to forgive him and asked God to forgive him; I shook hands with him, and he said: 'Father, give me the key of your bedroom; I believe I will stay in it to-night;' I gave him the key, and advised him to have courage, and he left, seemingly in a cheerful frame of mind; it was then about 12 o'clock; Dr. Whittier's weakness was a disposition to be too intimate in a promiscuous manner with the other sex."

The Canadian Court of Appeals has reversed the verdict which found Sir Francis Hinks guilty of signing fraudulent returns of the accounts of the Consolidated Bank of Montreal. The court held that the government form for the return was defective, not defining the headings under which the statement should be made distinctly enough, and that there was no fraudulent intention upon the part of defendant.

"Al" Freese, who has been for some time past suspected by the authorities of uttering counterfeit money, was arrested in Wheeling, W. Va., on Dec. 23, charged with forging a note for \$350 on the City Bank. He had offered it for \$250 to the Commercial Bank.





LEAPING FROM A BURNING FACTORY—JENNIE PERRY, SUSAN MULLALY, MARY BUCKRIDGE AND CATHERINE MULLALY JUMP FROM A SEVEN STORY WINDOW; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 2.



ANNIE'S INDIGNANT HANDS—THE GENTLE AND UNASSUMING MANNER IN WHICH MISS ANNIE HINDLE REMONSTRATED WITH A LIMB OF THE LAW; BRADFORD, PA.—SEE PAGE 10.



A JOLLY WEDDING PARTY—A BAND OF WANDERING GYPSYS CALL UPON THE JUDGE OF THE COLUMBUS, OHIO, PROBATE COURT FOR A MARRIAGE LICENSE—AN ACCOMMODATING PARSON TIES THE KNOT, AND THE ROMANY WEDDING BELLS RING OUT RIGHT MERRILY.—SEE PAGE 10.





NEW YORK'S DEADLY DIVES—CHATHAM SQUARE MUSEUMS—"CURIOSITIES" THAT SERVE AS A BLIND FOR THIEVES AND PROSTITUTES—GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE FEMALE WALKING MATCHES THAT BRING THEIR PATRONS INTO THE CLUTCHES OF CRIMINALS.—[SKETCHED BY OUR OWN ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 15.]



MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY—RIVAL FACTIONS OF THE FIRST REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE SMOKY CITY ENGAGE IN A GRAND BOUT AT FISTICUFFS—PASTORS AS PUGILISTS—FEMALE SAINTS SETTLE OLD SCORES—HYMN BOOKS USED AS DEADLY MISSILES AND FURNITURE DEMOLISHED, PITTSBURG, PA.—SEE PAGE 6.



## STEALING "STIFFS."

How the Dissecting Rooms of Our Medical Colleges Are Supplied With Material for Dissection.

## THE MIDNIGHT GHOULS.

The Workers—The Watchers—The Receivers—Criminals Who Are Encouraged By An Honorable Profession.

## DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

There are men in every large city who are criminals, and yet are tolerated and encouraged by a certain profession simply because they are a necessary evil. Without them the great science of medical surgery—ever changing, and, therefore, requiring constant research—would be badly crippled and retarded in its onward march. Without them the sick, the maimed, and the halt of to day would be the recipients of exactly the same class and kind of treatment as were the poor sufferers in the days of Gil Blas. They are, in short, a despicable, hardened, brutal set, as a rule. Reference is here made to the class known as "body-snatchers," or, as they are facetiously termed, "resurrectionists," and their business is to procure for medical students dead bodies or "cadavers" for dissection. This community, if it may be so called, is capable of several subdivisions. For instance, there are the workers, who exhume a body after burial. Then there are the watchers, who act as patrolmen while the

## GRAVES ARE BEING ROBBED.

and give warning of the approach of danger. A third class, which may be combined with either or both of the other two, are the receivers, who keep the body concealed for a day or two, in case suspicion is aroused, and then at a favorable moment hand it over to the dissecting room of some medical college or a physician for private use.

Physicians, especially when some new form of disease makes its appearance in a community, neighborhood or district, or where a death has occurred under circumstances that would render dissection of the victim of benefit to science, are constantly on the alert, and have little difficulty in procuring a subject. They have but to indicate their desire to the proper individual, and their wants are well supplied. The way in which resurrectionists work shows that they are fertile of expedients, and if their reputations are decidedly shady they are by no means fools. In order to gain such information as would lead to a general understanding of the subject, a gentleman, whose experience as a detective has extended over a period of a quarter of a century, making him familiar with almost

## EVERY PHASE OF CRIME.

was interviewed by the writer. In reply to a series of questions the detective stated substantially as follows:

"In the first place," said he, "resurrectionists always have assistants, who ascertain the fact of death, then, by inquiry, the name of the undertaker. It is now pretty plain sailing up to a certain point. The solemn man of coffin is casually, as it were, visited, a newly-made coffin is carelessly pointed to, and an interrogative remark made something like this:

"Brown's coffin, I suppose?" or "that's Jones' last home, isn't it?" or "who is going to inhabit that shake-up?" These are very irrelevant questions, but they usually elicit the desired information; and then comes, "When is he going to be buried?" or "where are they going to plant him?" or some such question as will fix the day, date, and place of interment. This information having been gained, the difficult and dangerous part of the work comes. A very dark, old, or

## "WET NIGHT IS SELECTED."

after all the good people have gone to "the land of dreams," three muffled figures will be seen to enter a covered wagon or carriage, which is found waiting at some obscure corner, and in another instant are off beyond the range of vision. Suppose, however, we are gifted with second sight. We follow the receding vehicle, pausing not until it comes to a lonely spot in a glade or a grove of trees near a cemetery wall. Cemetery walls are never so high but they can be easily scaled, and in a very short time the three robbers—four, perhaps, if expedition is necessary—are seen moving about among the mute, white blocks of marble, beneath which repose the ashes of what may have been a great statesman, warrior, divine or philanthropist. A fresh mound is discovered. "Are we right?" says one. "Yes, the old cock is down here I guess; where's the rod?" replies another. The "rod" is

## A SLENDER BAR OF IRON

about six or seven feet long, fixed on the end so that it will easily penetrate the soft earth, and, if it touches any hard substance like wood, it can be made to penetrate the wood and bring up enough through the opening to enable one to discover the kind of wood from which the coffin was manufactured. The rod is forced down, touches the coffin, and is soon withdrawn. "What does it taste like?" is asked in a muffled voice. "Walnut," is the reply. "Dash it!" exclaims the first speaker, "we're off our eggs; let's try her again." The search is quietly resumed until Jones' coffin, a mahogany one, is struck.

"Now we're O. K., boys," says the leader; "let's to work like, for it's getting late."

Here the ingenuity of the resurrectionist is displayed. Does he start directly over the grave and begin to dig perpendicularly downward? Not he. Standing back from the line of the grave, and distant about ten or fifteen feet, he begins to

## DIG AN INCLINED HOLE.

He knows that graves are usually from five to eight

feet deep, and his rod has told him exactly how far it is from the top of the ground in this case to the top of the coffin. It requires no engineering skill to tell that if the coffin is five feet below the surface, and he begins to dig his inclined hole ten feet distant from the head of the grave, that said hole will be just about eleven and one-third feet in length before it strikes the head of the coffin. The hole usually dug is about two and a half feet square, and if he strike solid or shale rock, he is pretty sure to be frustrated in his design. It is presumed here, however, that he meets no natural opposition, and finally sounds his bar on the head of the coffin. The work is by no means ended, however. The outer and inner boxes must be opened before

## THE BODY IS REACHED.

In order to do this a forcing bar is used, which pries the sides apart and the top sufficiently up to allow the bulge of the coffin to pass forward. This is then treated in a similar manner. Now comes the horrible part of the whole proceeding. Down beneath the ground, in a little hole, scarcely large enough to turn around, lie the living and the dead, head to head. The bare idea is frightful, but these men are callous, and have little thought save of the "century" they will get when their "stiff" is safely "landed." The "body snatcher" has in his hand a hook attached to a small, strong rope. Extending his hand, containing the hook, forward, he forces open "the jaws of death," inserts the hook therein, and, scrambling out backward, leaves the space clear, and an instant afterward

## A GHOSTLY, WHITE-ROBED FIGURE

comes following up the inclined plane and at the end of the rope. They must work fast now. The "cadaver" is safely out of the grave, but the hole is a tell-tale, and, besides, they must not take the clothes, as that constitutes larceny.

The body is disrobed, placed in a sack, or, as has in some instances been known, in other clothing provided for the occasion, the grave clothes placed back in the coffin, the hole filled, whatever dirt that remains placed in sacks, and the party, with "cadaver" and dirt, move to their wagon and drive off hastily. The bag or bags of dirt are scattered along the road, and the body delivered to the person desiring it if sale has been made before hand, or if not is placed in the hands of the "receiver" for negotiation. In most cases, however, the body has been pre-engaged, and in that case it is taken at once to some place previously agreed upon.

There can be no doubt that resurrectionists run fearful risks, and that, too, under such

## HORRIBLE CIRCUMSTANCES,

and for such a comparatively small sum of money, that it seems singular that there can be found any who are willing to engage in it. Not many years ago an incident occurred in New York which showed the consummate audacity of one of these fellows. A buggy drove on to one of the Jersey City ferry boats, which contained the driver and another seated by his side, who was muffled up so that no part of his face was visible. The furtive manner of the driver led to suspicion, and before he got to the other side it was ascertained that the muffled figure was not a living man but a corpse just resurrected. There are a number of other instances that could be cited of the great risks these men run to obtain dead bodies, and after obtaining to prevent detection. Enough, however, has been given above to arouse in the mind of any one who has friends reposing in their last, long sleep, the startling thought that perhaps the resurrectionist has been plying his horrid work there.

## A Jolly Wedding Party.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The judge of the Probate Court in Columbus, Ohio, had a case before him one day last week which made a slight diversion from the dry details incident to his every-day routine. A band of gypsy wanderers presented themselves and asked for a marriage license. A recess was declared and a minister, who happened to be serving upon the jury, was asked to perform the ceremony, which he did in his neatest manner and evidently to the satisfaction of the whole party. Both the bride and her sister laughed immoderately, and probably a jollier crowd never attended a wedding.

"What's the damage?" asked the husband, putting his hand in his pocket.

"Anything you want to give," replied his male gypsy companion. The preacher received a respectable fee. A vivacious young gypsy in a white dress, red woolen jacket and garden hat, covered with white gauze, jumped up and congratulated the bride, when her companions followed her example, and then the wedding tramp began. The bride wore a pink muslin dress, slightly on train, with a shawl of many colors, and a black straw hat, fashionably trimmed. She had a plentiful supply of rings upon her fingers, and her glossy black hair was done up in the latest fashion.

## Killed for Not Giving Credit.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Dec. 18.—On Tuesday last the town of Bristol was greatly excited by the killing of Douglas Thomas, a clerk in Mr. Barker's dry goods store, by William Rader, a prominent young lawyer. The following particulars have been learned: Rader purchased a box of collars, and requested Thomas to charge them to his account. This, Thomas said, was contrary to his instructions from his employer, but would consult Mr. Barker about it, who refused to give Rader further credit. When Thomas delivered the message Rader became angry, calling him a liar and drawing a knife, the blade of which was about four inches in length, stabbed Thomas in the neck, inflicting a fearful gash, severing the jugular vein, and causing almost instant death. Rader immediately fled, but was pursued by the bystanders. He ran into a law office, closing the door after him, and, jumping out of the window, took refuge in a church, locking the door. His pursuers broke the door in, and Rader gave himself up. It is stated that there was an old grudge between the men, which was the leading cause of the tragedy.

## CURRENT CRIME.

Satan's Satellites Making Things Lively for Judges and Police—Murder, Arson, Burglary, Forgery and Fraud.

## SKIPPED THE JAIL.

KINGWOOD, Mo., Dec. 19.—This morning about 3 o'clock two notorious characters named John Skinner and Jack Sheppard, confined in jail here awaiting trial on a charge of burglary at Rawlesburg and Rodemus Tunnel, this county, made their escape and were tracked to the railroad, where, it is supposed, they left for the west on a freight train.

## DANCE OF DEATH.

SHERMAN, TEX., Dec. 19.—A party of fifteen rowdies came here from Montague county and the Indian Territory to attend a disreputable dance, with the avowed determination not to be molested by police officers. Officer Bond and Deputy Sheriff Parrot raided the party as they were leaving the dance. Pistols were drawn, and in the melee two men, Mitchell and Elliott, were shot.

## RUNNING A MUCK.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., Dec. 19.—Last evening as Mr. Newbern, of Drummondville, Ontario, was driving along in his cutter, just across the border, he was waylaid by a man and assaulted with an ax, and, it is supposed, dangerously wounded. The man is named Stewart, a hackman. He claims that the devil told him to kill every one he met. He also chased a woman with his ax, but did not succeed in inflicting injury.

## COTTON THIEVES.

MARSHALL, TEX., Dec. 19.—Two negroes, Sam Madison and Melius Rowland, were arrested five miles east of here and brought before Squire Hanson yesterday. They are charged with stealing a bale of cotton from R. F. Scott, and hiding it in the woods, where it was found, and the arrest followed. Madison was discharged on the preliminary examination, but Rowland's trial still progresses, with a fair prospect of conviction.

## WORK OF TRAIN WRECKERS.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Dec. 17.—About 9 o'clock Monday night the freight train which left Cleveland at 5 o'clock, upon approaching the bridge near Sweetwater, ran into an iron rail placed across the track by some unknown miscreants, for the purpose of throwing from the track the regular passenger train, due thirty-five minutes later. The train was thrown from the track down an embankment. The engineer jumped from the tender and was uninjured. Charles Boyd, the fireman, remained at his post, and was found beneath the debris, very fortunately unhurt.

## PEACEABLE CITIZEN WAYLAIED.

BRISTOL, TENN., Dec. 19.—Yesterday morning, shortly after daylight, the body of Mr. Fleming R. Carver was found lying in the road about one mile north of this place. Carver had been here trading his tobacco, and started home late in the evening. It is supposed he was murdered by persons who thought he had money. When found he was lying on his back, with his pockets rifled and turned inside out. A large stone, weighing about five pounds, was found close to the body. A better place for such a tragedy could hardly have been selected. It was a turning point in the main road, some distance from any house, and so surrounded by hills and woods as to make it impossible for one to be heard any distance.

## A BLOODY CHAPTER.

SHREVEPORT, LA., Dec. 19.—The particulars of the dreadful tragedy at Minden, in this parish, are as follows: Two brothers-in-law, A. Levy and a man named Pieser, were partners in a grocery and lived in the same house. Pieser, who had been married two years, had been in the habit of beating his wife, Levy's sister. Her brother had warned him several times, and on the day of the murder Pieser beat her severely. Levy finding her in tears, went out on the streets to find Pieser, whom he knocked down on the sidewalk. Mayor Paul separated them. Pieser subsequently went in search of Levy, and drew a knife to stab him. Charles Zodiak, a friend of Levy, opened the street door to warn him; but Levy, mistaking him for Pieser, drew a pistol and shot Zodiak through the head, dead.

## TOO FAST TO LAST.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 19.—Ernest Frederick Charles Voules, book-keeper for R. G. Houston, contractor of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, has "jumped the town." He was a young man, and, though on salary, had the reputation of being the fastest fellow in the city, though nobody knew where he got the money. Last Tuesday he left the Gibson House, where he had boarded for a year, and last night took the train secretly for Chicago. His departure is supposed to have been hastened by an order from Houston to an expert to examine the books. Yesterday before leaving he borrowed from several sources and gave Joe Roth, of the St. Nicholas, a check on the Commercial Bank, which this morning was refused, as he had never had any money deposited there. Voules spent nearly every night in the society of the upper class of prostitutes, and only a few days ago gave a grand supper at a *maison de joie* on Broadway. He was heard to say in his cups, while drinking wine at that place, that the Southern road was paying for it. The books of the road have not been examined, but it is believed that they will show a deficit of perhaps \$20,000. The missing man is a relative of Houston. He has kin in England, whither it is believed he is bound.

## CLEANING OUT A SAFE.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., Dec. 19.—Dr. Carson, of Hartville, Wright county, arrived in the city this morning, bringing the news of a bold robbery which occurred at that place about 3 o'clock yesterday morning. The doctor, it appears, keeps a drug store, and his wife is postmistress, keeping the post office in the same building. At the hour named the citizens of Hartville were awakened by a noise like that of the firing of an arvil, but thinking it the work of boys, they turned over and went to sleep again, so that the significance of the noise was not learned until daylight, when Dr. Carson arrived at the store. The safe had

been removed to the back room, blown open with powder, and \$250 extracted therefrom. The safe was lying on its side, and the door had been torn off its hinges and hurled against the ceiling above with such force that it made a hole the size of the safe. Dr. Carson's visit to this city was for the purpose of tracking up a man named Weaver, who was suspected of the crime. Weaver was in the city yesterday, and visited the jail and had a colloquy with John Love, the crooked whiskyite, who was brought up from the same neighborhood by Deputy Marshal Haughwout last Wednesday. Weaver was formerly a crook, and the supposition was formed that he wanted to raise money to get his friend Love out of his troubles.

## Why They Went to Chicago.

MADISON, WIS., Dec. 15.—One of the saddest cases of man's, or rather woman's, inhumanity to man on record is just now convulsing the moral sensibilities of the good people of Madison. Several months ago the eyes of the corner loafers were made glad by the dainty form and roguish eyes of a strange young lady. Such an event always causes a *furor* of excitement among the Madison "mashers," and the most conspicuous corners were decorated with elegant little knots of wall-flowers in red neckties and spring-bottoms. But she would not "mash." Their smiles were in vain. Gradually the excitement ebbed. No one knew anything about her, and her little silver heels tinkled along the pavement unaccompanied by any masculine tread. In some manner she became acquainted with two elderly gentlemen whose respected heads were crowned with the silver of age—one an old incumbent of the municipal bench, noted for the righteous severity with which he metes out punishment to the unwily youth who has been entrapped by the charms of some fair enchantress, the other a prominent bank official. Fortune smiled on their love, and all went smoothly for a while. Miss Alice, as we shall call her, basked alternately in the smiles of the judge and banker, until one eventful eve in October, when the banker caught his lady love in the arms of the law, or rather its exponent, the judge. After quite a scene the two old sinners agreed to pool their issues, and an elegant suite of rooms in a block owned by the banker was the repository of that fair but frail piece of humanity, Miss Alice. Unluckily for their happiness, some one surmised that all was not right in the aforesaid room, and straightway there was a bustle of excitement at the police station, and preparations were made for storming the citadel. It was taken by assault, but the crest-fallen minions of the law were soon cowering before the portly presence of the judge, who wields absolute sway over the gang of worn-out bums who constitute the police force of Madison. They bowed themselves out. After this little episode all went well until, finally, in utter refutation of the theory that fickleness belongs to youth alone, the hoary-headed old reprobates tired of their dulcinea. But fair Alice was not easily shook. After laying their snowy locks together in consultation a plan was devised for ridding themselves of the elephant that was becoming so burdensome to their consciences and pocketbooks. Urgent business called them to Chicago. Scarcely had the rear car disappeared around the curve when Miss Alice was escorted out of town by two brave club swingers. Her protectors were gone and she was left to the tender mercies of a cruel world. But the fair Alice is not easily discouraged, and threatens dire vengeance whenever the old but gay Lotharios shall return. It will be a hard blow to each, as they are both heads of large and respected families and leaders in Madison's best society.

## Roberts Lays out a Robber.

N. D. Roberts, the manager of the "Humpty Dumpty" troupe now performing at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, recently met with an adventure that well-nigh ended in a tragedy. Nick is always ready to afford amusement to the public, but he doesn't relish the kind of drama that he was an unwilling actor in last night. One great objection is, he would receive none of the profits, while the other actors would likely get all the wealth that might accrue from such an engagement. The scene of the little drama in question was laid at Lodge alley and Gano street. The time was eight o'clock. Nick is walking east. He is discovered by a footpad who discovers a diamond pin in Nick's shirt front. The footpad tries to trip Nick, but Nick doesn't trip to the fellow's satisfaction, and Mr. Roberts proceeds to knock the would-be thief down and kick him. After sounding the prostrate rascal a few solid thumps with his foot, half a dozen other villains appear. This was Nick's cue to make his exit, and being well up in his lines, he hastily acted his part with the most overwhelming grace. He exited as he never did before, but he got away. Arrived on Walnut street he got a policeman and went back to the theatre of action, but, the play being over the place was clear. Mr. Roberts injured his fist when he pelted the footpad. It should be stated, in justice of Mr. Roberts, that he was at the time of the attack making a short cut from Vine street to the Walnut-street House. The locality mentioned is one of the most disreputable in the city.

## Annie's Indignant Hands.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Annie Hindle is a gentle and unassuming member of the meek and amiable May Fisk's blonde burlesquers, and, as an insignia of penance on the stage, dons the vigorous broadcloth of her fellow-man. Recently, at a Bradford, Pa., hotel, a local wrestler with the judicial bench sat at table opposite gentle Annie, who was neatly clad in the garb of her sex. It is alleged that the learned disciple of Blackstone then and there, with malice prepense, did shock the ears of the fair maiden with unseemly remarks supposed to have been inspired by the action of a small decoction of *spa vinum aqua* and *saccharum ad lib.* Annie's indignant hands seized a goblet from the table, and, with the aim of a Roman archer, hurled the fragile missile at the devoted head of the offending sprig of the law. Tableau, bandages and small talk.



## A GRIM RECEPTION

Given To An Inquisitive Young Man Who  
Wished To Become Acquainted With  
the James Boys, of Texas.

## "HOLD UP YOUR HANDS!"

How Frank and Jesse James Escaped From  
Palacio's Band of Cattle Thieves After  
They Had Crossed the Rio Grande.

## AN OUTLAW'S INVITATION.

It was a lovely afternoon. The grass was brown and sere. A few late autumn flowers relieved the otherwise monotonous landscape. The country through which I was passing was high, undulating prairie. Here and there, from the tops of the long swells in the surface, the course of streams far away to the right and left were well defined by dark lines of trees from which the foliage had not yet been cast. The journey had become lonely and irksome. I had lost interest in the landscape. The faded grass and the golden-hued flowers no longer possessed any charms for me. The limpid brooks and darting minnows in their clear waters even failed to awaken the slightest interest. The truth is, I was worn-out by the excessive fatigue of the long journey, which I had undertaken for the purpose of seeing those fearless desperadoes—the James brothers, of Texas.

I had just crossed a small stream skirted by some wind-twisted trees, and was ascending a long slope. Looking toward the crest of the ridge

I SAW TWO HORSEMEN, splendidly mounted, riding rapidly toward me. They wore low-crowned, broad-brimmed felt hats, looped up at the side. I caught a glance that they were heavily armed. A repeating rifle was swung behind the shoulder of each, and a holster was attached at the saddle bow. When the horsemen had approached within seventy-five yards of me, they suddenly halted, and each drew a heavy pistol and simultaneously presented them at me, calling out at the same time for me to raise my hands. I confess that I felt a little shaky about that time. I readily complied with their command, and held up both hands as high over my head as possible. The horrible thought occurred to me that I was to be shot and left out there to make a feast for voracious vultures and ferocious wolves. A cold shudder thrilled through my veins. I had dropped the reins and my horse stopped still. It was a dreadful moment. There were the two men, grim in features and steady of hand, with their horrible, yawning repeaters pointed at my heart. I felt sure they were

MURDEROUS HIGHWAYMEN. Strange that I never once thought of the renowned outlaws! I know not how long I looked at those dreadful pistols; it seemed half an age. I was aroused by the voice of one of the men calling out:

"Why don't you come on?"

I did go on. Once I let my hands droop slightly, as I advanced up the slope.

"Up with your hands, I say!" exclaimed one of them.

You may readily suppose that I threw up my hands without further admonition. When I had arrived within fifteen paces of the spot where the men were sitting on their horses, the thought that these were no other than the men whom I was seeking flashed through my brain.

"What are you doing here?" asked the larger one of the two.

I must have stammered a little, and appeared awkward and frightened, as I made answer that I had a great desire to meet Mr. J. and his brother—naming the person to whom the letter was addressed—and I have a message for Mr. J. here with me now.

One of them—it was Frank—turned to me sharply, and asked me what I knew about Mr. J. I told him that I had never met the gentleman, but that I had a great desire to do so. He then asked me when I was last in St. Louis. I replied that I had not been in St. Louis for a period of five years.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

"Looking about the country," I replied.

"You like it, do you?" he inquired.

"Very well," I said.

"You go to Chicago, do you?"

"Never was there in my life," I answered.

"Do you know Allan Pinkerton?"

"I don't," I said.

"What state do you hail from?"

"Georgia."

"A very good state," he soliloquized. "Do you know the man you seek?"

"Certainly; he is Jesse James, and —"

"An outlaw!" he interrupted me. "Mind how you act, young man." The tones of his voice were dry and harsh, and the pistol, which had been allowed to droop, was once more raised and pointed at my breast.

You may be sure I was thoroughly alarmed, and it required some effort to speak distinctly. At last I managed to say in a tolerably low tone, "I wish you would read this letter which I have brought."

The pistol was lowered and he reached out his hand to take the letter from the breast pocket of my coat. Meanwhile Frank kept me under cover of a pistol. Jesse secured the letter and commenced to read it. I watched his features closely. A change came over his countenance. The cold, stern look relaxed, and his face put on a sunny smile as he read on. When he had finished he turned to Frank and said, "I guess this is all right." Then he turned to me and said, "So you are a kinsman of Colonel —?"

"I am," I replied.

He continued: "He is a good friend of ours, and I reckon you're all right. You wanted to see the James

boys. You see before you what is left of them. I guess you had better

GIVE US YOUR PISTOLS

to keep for you until you are ready to leave again, for you know we are the only armed men allowed around our place. This is a very old world, anyhow. We do not trust any one." I have but one, and here it is," I said, presenting it to him, while I held the muzzle. He took the pistol and thrust it into a side pocket, and, turning full toward me, he said, with a smile on his face and a merry twinkle in his bright blue eyes: "So you wanted to see the notorious outlaws?" "Yes." "Well, did you expect we wore horns, and had split feet, and spouted fire and brimstone, eh? But you see you are mistaken. There are 100, yes, 1,000, worse men along the borders here than the James boys, but they have not been lied about as we have been; they have not been hunted all over the states as we have been; they have not been so grossly misrepresented and abused, and we must bear not only our sins, but the sins of many others. It is a pretty hard fate, young man." The hard, un pitying expression came upon his face once more, but it was only for a moment, and the cloud passed away, and his countenance was illuminated by a smile that was genial and pleasant, and whoever could have gazed into the face of Jesse James at that moment would not have concluded that he was

A DESPERADO AND OUTLAW.

"I suppose," said Frank, "that you will accept an outlaw's invitation to his humble retreat?"

"Most gladly," I said.

They turned their horses' heads, and Jesse, taking a position on one side and Frank on the other, we rode on to the crest of the ridge.

"There is where we camp," said Frank, as he pointed away to the northwest.

Camp! Indeed, it seemed more like the residence of a well-to-do planter in Georgia. The situation which they had selected was as beautiful as any I had yet seen in the West. Before us a broad, green valley lay spread out in the sunlight, bounded by a line of high hills toward the northeast, and widening toward the southwest. A noble grove of timber skirted the margin of the stream, which appeared to be of considerable size, and meandered through the valley. Beyond the stream and the grove, situated on a gentle slope in the midst of gardens and cultivated fields and vigorous young trees, rose a pleasant house of two stories in elevation, with a garden in front. Some distance away were the barns, stables, and other outbuildings.

"A LOVELY HOME!"

I exclaimed. Frank smiled at my evident delight, and remarked that he found it very comfortable, after the exposure and hardships through which he had passed.

So we rode on down the slope into the grove, and across a beautiful, broad, pebble-bottom stream, and up the slope to the front of the mansion, talking, by the way, of many things in the past, and expressing views and opinions concerning the future.

The James boys are far from being loquacious. They seem to maintain a perpetual guard over their words. Sometimes this reserve is momentarily cast aside, and the brothers will converse with considerable freedom. But the fits of relaxation do not last long. They speedily relapse into their accustomed reticent state, and then they answer questions only in monosyllables.

It was not long before I discovered that I was at the home of Frank James, and that Jesse and his family were only visitors. My

PECULIAR RECEPTION

was due to the fact that a person supposed to be a detective had been making inquiries concerning the boys at San Antonio some weeks before my arrival.

During my stay Jesse James related numerous incidents in the career of himself and his brothers. To me the most interesting one related was how they escaped from Palacio's band of Mexican cattle thieves. The James brothers had crossed the Rio Grande River into Mexican territory and recaptured a great herd of cattle which the Mexicans had stolen. The James's had driven the cattle back for several hundred miles, but, encumbered as they were by a vast drove of cattle, their progress was slow. Toward evening the Mexican bandits came in sight, but they did not venture to attack. Hovering on the rear and galloping along the flanks of the moving herd, the Mexicans made a thorough reconnaissance of the force of Americans. There were just two men, and no more. Emboldened by this knowledge they approached, with a view of "stampeding" the herd. Five well-mounted men were sent to engage the boys, while the others advanced on the left flank of the herd. But they did not know the character of the

MEN THEY SOUGHT TO KILL

out there on the plains. Secured to the saddles which they bestrode, each carried a long-range sixteen-shot Winchester rifle. The bandits came within range. If they ever prayed, the time for prayers had arrived. They were approaching, unwittingly it may be, the margin of the river of death; the black angel hovered over them, the sun of time was being surely extinguished. Detaching their deadly rifles from the fastenings, each singled out his man, took deliberate aim, touched the trigger, and instantaneously two Mexican robbers fell to the earth pierced through their hearts. Their comrades marked their fall, and knew the cause. They turned to flee. It was too late. Even as they turned, two more of them fell, pierced through and through by the unerring bullets from the steadily-aimed rifles of the American outlaws. The other of the five fled, and succeeded in making his escape.

The boys fully comprehended the designs of the Mexicans, and Jesse suggested that he would ride to the summit of "the swell" to the left, to see what "those other devils are about."

Riding rapidly the slope, his horse was soon reined up on the crest of the ridge. There he discovered on the slope below him a party of some

FIFTEEN ARMED MEN.

Bringing his rifle to bear, a Mexican saddle was

emptied in an instant. The raiders replied; but their guns would not send a ball so far. They were not less than 400 yards away. Jesse continued to empty saddles until four men were down. The Mexicans turned and fled, and Jesse gave them a parting salute, which brought down a horse. When he rejoined his brother he remarked sententiously, "Well, I've prepared a feast for the vultures over yonder."

"How many are down?" asked the other.

"Oh, only four men and one horse," he answered, with a grim sort of a smile.

The dangerous time for them was the shadowy hours. They knew that all the brigands of that region would take their trail. They were a hundred miles from any certain succor. The Mexican raiders are not to be despised in a night affray. They expected attack, and it is one of the peculiarities of the boys that they never sleep where there is danger surrounding them. The severe losses which they had sustained only rendered the pursuers more wary; but they still hovered around. The boys expected an attack at night. The sun was setting low in the west, and the brothers were earnestly consulting as to the best means of guarding against the consequences of

A NIGHT ATTACK.

"See," said Frank. "Are those moving object men on horseback or a herd of buffalo? What do you think?"

The brothers halted. Since their removal to Texas they never rode abroad without carrying with them a field glass each. They now raised their glasses and looked long and earnestly at the dark objects moving between them and the horizon.

"They are mounted men," said Jesse.

"Texans, Mexicans, Lipans or Comanches? Which do you say?" asked Frank.

Jesse looked again. The mounted men were nearly two miles away—a long distance to determine the character of men, or designate their nationality. Long and carefully did he scrutinize the movements of the horsemen.

"Soldiers—Federal soldiers—by Jehovah!" he exclaimed. "Well, I've seen the time that I would not like to see

SUCH A COMPANY,

but I'm confounded glad they've come around this evening. I'll get a nap to-night, any way."

It was agreed that Jesse should ride forward and inform the officer in command of the presence of Palacio's band of raiders. He spurred his horse forward over the high rolling swells of prairie toward the horsemen, who were also advancing. The Mexicans saw this movement, and saw the horsemen. They at once surmised that a detachment of McKensie's command was out looking for them, and turning about, they rode hastily back the way they came.

The boys were left in peace. The detachment of cavalry swept onward in pursuit of the fleeing raiders, and the herd, fatigued by long driving, were indisposed to scatter. The return to the pastures from whence they had been driven was leisurely made. The boys returned safely to their abode, and Jesse was welcomed by one who worships him as the world's noblest hero.

## A Policeman's Crime.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 20.—On Saturday night last Robert J. Beckman, who alighted from a train on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, at Eddystone, near Chester, was struck by a small package which he saw a man hurl from the rear platform of the train. Beckman opened the bundle and was startled at finding a dead infant swathed in cotton and wrapped in a newspaper. He took it to Policemen Hoff and Wilson, at the Chester depot. They recognized the wrapping and also the description of the man as coinciding with that of Robert Hamilton, of Philadelphia, in whose hand had been seen a singular package at Chester. He had told them while there that he was investigating a railroad accident which happened six months ago. The case was given to the Coroner. The inquest developed that the babe was healthy and full-grown, but it could not be determined whether it had been born alive or not. On Thursday night Hamilton, who was in ignorance of the investigation, was suspended from the police force and turned over to the Chester authorities to answer the probable charge of infanticide. Hamilton is a widower, with two children, and also supports his sisters. He has been on the force during all of Mayor Stokley's time. There is a suspicion that Hamilton was disposing of the infant's corpse to conceal the consequences of an intrigue.

## A Popular Musician's Love.

[Subject of Illustration.] A good story is just now going the rounds of operatic circles about a young musician who is a great favorite among the ladies. It is Ferranti, the famous buffo's son, who is attached to the Remenyi troupe. Young Ferranti with the warm-heartedness or warm-bloodedness of his nation, has formed a tender, high-souled affection for a charming creature whose name is Nina. Nina is a very petite, very winning, very constant, and like the ghosts who Rip Van Winkle met on the Catskill, is dumb. In brief, Nina is one of the four-footed darlings to whom the society of the long name would no doubt, extend its protection if she needed. This little dog Sig. Ferranti carries about with him, wherever he travels, in a basket. In his daily promenades the little creature is buttoned into the breast of the young musician's coat, and is, according to the declaration of the young man, the only friend he has, the only creature who loves him. Young Boston is mightily amused over this, and whispers loudly, between his laughter, that Sig. F. has been

"Spoons on a heartless flirt," hence the melancholy statement above and the melancholy devotion to his "only friend."

The collar-and-elbow wrestling match between John McMahon and W. L. Kennedy, in Cincinnati, on Dec. 23, was won by the former.

## NOOSE NOTES.

A Miscellaneous Record of Misdeds  
Which Have Brought Their Perpetrators Up With a Sudden Jerk.

## WHISKY DID IT.

STATESBORO, Ga., Dec. 19.—Drew Holloway was executed here to-day for the murder of Benen Brown. The condemned man spent the day and last night in prayer and religious services. This morning about 9 o'clock his family visited the jail here, where Holloway was confined, and remained with him until he was removed from his cell and conducted to the gallows. At 12:15 he was placed in a wagon and removed to the gallows. He was in great trepidation, and had to be assisted by the sheriff and his assistants up the steps to the gallows. Upon permission granted by that officer, Holloway made a few brief remarks, in which he admitted that he killed Brown, and attributed it in great measure to whisky. At 1 o'clock the drop was drawn, and the body of the felon swung in the air for twenty minutes. Death ensued from strangulation. The body was turned over to his friends. The execution was a bungling and miserably conducted affair.

## ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

ESTELLEVILLE, Va., Dec. 19.—John Dean was executed here to-day for the murder of Henry Fugate, in Scott county, on June 25, 1877. Dean, after bidding a tearful farewell to his wife and child, mounted the gallows in a cool and self-possessed manner. Death ensued from strangulation in eighteen minutes after the fatal drop. For several years previous to the murder Henry Fugate and Dean had some misunderstanding, which finally culminated, a few months prior to the murder, in the arrest of Dean, on Fugate's complaint, for perjury, and upon examination Dean was indicted on three charges, and at the time of the tragedy was out on bail awaiting trial. On the day in question Fugate was quietly plowing a field, when a shot was fired by some one from a blind a few hundred feet off. Dean was arrested, escaped, and was again apprehended the second day after the crime. Fugate died from his wounds, and Dean was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged upon circumstantial evidence, it having been proved that a gun had rested upon a fence-rail in the blind, and the impression made by the weapon of the murderer corresponded exactly with that made by Dean's fowling piece. The case attracted a great deal of attention at the time, as both men were well-to-do.

## MURDERED HIS MISTRESS.

SUSSEX C. H., Va., Dec. 19.—Frank Baker, colored, was hanged here to-day for the murder, last September, of his mistress and her child. The condemned man had a long interview with his mother this morning. He trembled violently as he ascended the steps leading to the gallows. Baker made a full confession of his crimes, which did not materially differ from that already published. The crime for which Baker suffered death was the premeditated and cold-blooded murder of Henrietta Shords, a colored woman, and her child. The woman had been Baker's mistress for some time, but, becoming tired of her and enamored of another, and with the advice and, it is supposed, aid of his mother, went to the house of his victim, near this place, on the night of September 1 and killed the woman and her little girl. The body of the woman was found in a mill-pond near the house, with the head almost severed from the trunk. That of the child was discovered near the house. It was alleged that the part taken by the mother was to beat the murdered woman to death with an iron while her son held her. The fiend then finished her with an ax. The child was killed in a similar manner. Baker and his mother were arrested soon after the discovery of the tragedy, and tried before the county court of this county. The woman, in the absence of any evidence against her, was acquitted, and the man found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. Baker confessed that he killed the woman because he wanted to rid himself of her, as she was always annoying him about his attentions to other females. The child he did not want to support, and considered it better to dispose of it, as he had her mother.

## A Baltimore Bigamist.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 16.—Robert Davis was before Justice Peters this morning on the charge of bigamy. The principal witnesses against him were his last wife and his former mother-in-law. His second wife, Nellie Davis, was dressed after the most approved pattern, wearing her hair bagged and a Derby hat of the latest style. She testified that her maiden name was Nellie Holmes, and that she was married to Davis on the second Thursday of May. Davis had wooed and won her after the most approved mode, and vowed undying love and fidelity. The young men procured a marriage license, and the twain were duly united in the bonds of matrimony by Rev. Harvey Johnson, colored.

It was not until two months ago, that she had any intimation of her husband's former marriage, when the latter in moments of irritation compared her conduct with that of his first wife. This created an estrangement and the facts of the previous marriage became fully known. Rev. Harvey Johnson corroborated Nellie Holmes' story, which related to her marriage with Davis. Eliza Tucker testified that she witnessed the marriage of her daughter Priscilla to Davis eight years ago.

Davis did not deny the double marriage. He said, however, that not having time to get a divorce from his first wife when they concluded to dissolve partnership, he made her give a "note of separation." Two "notes of separation" were drawn up at the time in the presence of witnesses, one of which Davis kept for himself, and the other he gave to his wife. Davis stated that he was well aware that he had to procure a legal divorce from his first wife before he married again, but he thought a bill of separation was sufficient, particularly when the wife told him he was welcome to go and marry again.



## Leap for Liberty.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Sheriff Decker of Sussex county New Jersey, and three deputies stepped on board the Pennsylvania railroad express train at Newark on Friday morning last with four convicts for the Trenton State Prison. Three of them were Geo. Johnson, John Sawyer and William Fredericks, the masked burglars who recently ransacked the residence of old Mr. Hough, near Deckertown. They had been sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment each. The fourth prisoner was an old man who had been sentenced for arson. Sawyer and Fredericks were handcuffed to each other, and their legs were secured with chains. Johnson was handcuffed to the old man, and his feet were also shackled. The train started soon after the prisoners and their keepers had taken their seats for a fifty-mile dash to Trenton at forty miles an hour. While it was speeding through Stelton, Sawyer and Fredericks were permitted to go alone to the closet. They were gone so long that the sheriff went after them. To his astonishment he discovered that they had broken the window looking out upon the rear platform and climbed out. They were still on the platform, evidently weighing the chances of a leap for liberty while the train was racing over the road. The sheriff sprang to the car door and caught one of the men by the arm, but the two manacled and handcuffed men broke away and sprang from the platform. The sheriff notified the conductor and at New Brunswick the train was stopped. Accompanied by the agent at New Brunswick and some train hands he started back.

The men had been badly hurt by the fall. Sawyer had bitten off an inch of his tongue, and he bled so copiously that it seemed as though he would bleed to death. The men had nevertheless managed to hobble off into the country in search of a place of concealment. A farmer driving along the country road saw them, compelled them to get into his wagon and drove them to the county jail at New Brunswick. On their arrival there they were found to have been so badly injured that it is probable they will die. Sheriff



LEAP FOR LIBERTY—JOHN SAWYER AND WILLIAM FREDERICKS, NEW JERSEY MASKED BURGLARS, WHILE ON THE WAY TO TRENTON STATE PRISON ESCAPE FROM SHERIFF DECKER AND JUMP FROM THE REAR OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN, NEAR NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Decker decided to remove his men to Trenton on the 2 o'clock train. They were unable to walk, and it was necessary to carry them on litters to the railroad depot. They were allowed to remain on the litters and placed in the baggage-car and removed to the state prison.

## Too Much Mother-in-law.

MOBERLY, Mo., Dec. 19.—Yesterday afternoon, Hade Brown, who is now being tried for the murder of his mother-in-law, attempted suicide by taking poison in the court-room. The special venire of forty jurors had just been selected after four days' work, and the court adjourned to meet on Friday. The sheriff went over to take Brown back to jail, when he noticed him lying with his head on the window sill. He took hold of him and shook, but it didn't seem to wake him. He then called a deputy, and lifted Brown on his feet, when he began to vomit, and showed signs of great pain. They took him to the Rothwell House

and called Drs. Holt and Clarkson, who pronounced him poisoned with strychnine. They gave him an emetic and he is now out of danger. He had five spasms, and it took four men to hold him. He won't tell what he took or where he got the poison. His wife is by his side all the time during the trial, and it would be an easy matter for him to procure anything he wanted. Last Monday he set fire to his mattress in the Huntsville jail, and called the jailer, who, when he saw what was the matter, shut the door, and let him have the benefit of the smoke. It is thought here that he is doing this so his attorneys can clear him on the plea of insanity.

Max Metterlitter, on his way to his home, No. 9 Harrison street, New York, Sunday morning, was assaulted at the corner of Hudson and Harrison streets by an unknown man, who knocked him unconscious to the pavement. When he recovered he found that his watch valued at \$75, was missing.

and Horton started. He carried the pistol in his right hand fired just as the man told him to stop or he would shoot. The fellow threw up his hands, exclaiming, "Oh, my God!" and fell on the ground. Horton's horses, frightened by the noise, started into a run, and he did not permit them to settle down until he had reached Richmond Hill. At the hotel in Jamaica he told the story of the shooting, and a party of men who went to the ground, thinking they might find the highwayman, found instead a pool of blood, which was still visible the next day when the snow melted. Horton would have been the sixth victim within two weeks had they succeeded in relieving him of the \$60 which he carried. Robberies of a different character have been so frequent in New-town of late that it is thought a gang of thieves have a rendezvous somewhere in the town, and the inhabitants are living in a state of considerable uneasiness. The police are, as usual, active—without any definite results.



ROTH'S DOUBLE CRIME—MRS. WILLIAM NOBLE IS ENTICED TO AN OUT-BUILDING AND NEARLY MURDERED BY MAX ROTH—THE FARMER'S HOUSE ROBBED OF ALL THE MONEY; ASTORIA, NEW YORK. SEE PAGE 3.



KILLED BY EXPRESS—MRS. JOHN KREAMER AND MISS YOUNG, ON THEIR WAY HOME AFTER MAKING PURCHASES ARE KILLED AT THE RAILROAD CROSSING BY AN EXPRESS TRAIN; BETHLEHEM, PENN. SEE PAGE 3.



## A BROTHER-IN-LAW'S CRIME.

## A Dry Goods Merchant Shoots a Prominent Lawyer Without Provocation in Richmond, Ky.

RICHMOND, Ky., Dec. 20.—The Hon. R. E. Little, one of the leading members of the Kentucky bar, was shot and killed yesterday by James H. Arnold, his brother-in-law, and a prominent dry goods merchant of this place. About 9 o'clock in the morning Mr. Little was seen to go into his office, and soon afterward Mr. Arnold followed him. In a few minutes four pistol shots were heard in quick succession, and Little was seen falling from the door to the pavement. Arnold was followed, and was seen with a pistol still in his hand and in the attitude of firing; but whether he did fire or not after Little fell is disputed. He immediately walked across to his store and there delivered himself to an officer. When Little fell, several persons ran up and lifted him into the house. To them he said: "I am dying, and make this dying declaration. He shot me without cause or provocation. I never opened my mouth." And with these words he died. An examination of his body showed four wounds, either one of which would

## HAVE PROVED FATAL.

One was in the neck, a second in the right breast, a third in the left breast, in the region of the heart, and a fourth in the back. No one was in the room at the time of the shooting. Arnold's statement is that he had received a letter about which he went to see Little; that when he told Little of the letter, and was in the act of handing it to him, Little rose from the seat, and, in angry manner, said he had other matters to settle with him (Arnold) first, and called him a thief and a scoundrel. Little then placed his hand on his pocket, as though to draw a pistol, whereupon Arnold drew and continued to fire until Little was killed.

Mr. Little was born in Florida, although his father was a native of Richmond. He was about thirty-two years of age and a lawyer of ability. He came here when quite young, and has since lived in Richmond. He had been a Representative in the Kentucky Legislature, besides holding other positions of honor. Personally he was a brave, fearless, quick-tempered

## MAN OF WARM IMPULSES.

He was thought of as Representative in Congress at the next session. At the time of his death he was in partnership in the practice of law with the Hon. W. B. Smith, and was regarded as one of the ablest and most promising members of the profession. He was a positive man in his views, and had many warm friends who were devotedly attached to him. His death has caused a deep feeling of regret.

James H. Arnold, who did the killing, is also a prominent man in the community, being one of the most successful dry goods merchants who ever did business here. He is a native of Garrard county, and up to two and a half years ago was in the house of McAlpin, Polk & Co., Cincinnati. In August, 1877, he established himself in this place, and is now the owner of a handsome storehouse and doing the largest trade of any firm in the town.

## THE TWO MEN ARE BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

having married daughters of Mrs. Mary L. Hood. Little was married in 1872 and Arnold in 1875. For two years they have not been on speaking terms. Last summer Mrs. Hood died, leaving a large estate, which she bequeathed by will to her two daughters.

A few weeks ago Arnold presented to Little a note with Mrs. Hood's signature for about \$9,000, the body of the note in Arnold's handwriting, reciting that it was given in order to equalize the shares of the children in her estate. It is said that Little at once charged that the instrument had been improperly obtained, and that he would show this at the proper time. This increased the bitterness between the two, and for time apprehensions have been expressed by friends of each that the trouble would end in a personal difficulty.



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—Mlle. SILLY, IN "FLEUR D'ORANGER," THEATRE NOUVEAUTES; PARIS, FRANCE. PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE—SEE PAGE 2.

## SHE REPENTED.

## How a Springfield Sewing Girl Became the Wife of a Leading Citizen of Dubuque.

A sewing girl in Springfield, Mass., has had a romantic experience, which is worth the telling. Several months ago a man at Dubuque, Iowa, advertised in an Eastern (Massachusetts) paper for a wife. Among a swarm of answers which he received were two from two girls in this city, who replied just for the fun of the thing. One of them represented herself as a young widow, and her lively account of herself and her circumstances was very largely fictitious, especially that which told (very incidentally, as if it were of no consequence,) of the snug sum of money left her by her dear departed. She never expected to hear of the matter again, but that was the one letter out of all the advertiser received which struck his fancy. He wrote to the supposed "widow" (who, in fact, had never been married, and who was then earning her living with her needle); photographs were exchanged; the letters grew more and more affectionate, until the young woman, realizing that the affair was no longer a joke, wrote to her new-found admirer, and told him frankly of

## HER HUMBLE CIRCUMSTANCES.

Of course, he admired her all the more, and at last he came from Dubuque to this city to claim her for his bride. Instead of the sleek and intelligent-looking and manly individual whom she had expected from his letter and his photograph, what was her vexation to see a person of decidedly seedy appearance, wearing an old slouch hat, and appearing altogether unattractive. Well, she refused him, and he, chiding her bitterly for so doing after all the pains he had taken to win her, returned alone to Iowa. I suppose he hadn't left the house before she was sorry—such is the flexible character of female affection—and it is certainly true that she was very sorry, indeed, before he had put 1,000 miles between them. He wrote no more, but the distressed young woman wrote, or got friends to write, to the pastor of the church he attended and to various persons in Dubuque, to find out what sort of a man he was—something she ought to have thought of in the first place. The replies were uniformly complimentary, and every one only increased her regret that she, a poor sewing girl, had

## REFUSED A "GOOD MATCH."

Never a word came from him, and at last she swallowed her pride, reopened the correspondence herself, and told him how that she had misjudged him, and how sorry she was that she had. Promptly came a manly reply, from which she discovered that when he visited her here he had intentionally made himself as unattractive as possible, from a romantic notion that she ought to take him for what he was and not for what he wore. Of course, they were married, and the poor sewing girl has for her husband one of the leading citizens of Dubuque, and for her home one of the finest mansions in the place. This true story ought to have a moral of the negative sort—namely, that young girls are not to infer from it that it is safe for them to answer matrimonial advertisements, for where one case of this sort has, like this, a happy issue, there are ten which lead to unhappiness or something a great deal worse.

## A Meteor Goes Through Him.

[Subject of Illustration.]

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 17.—A story comes from Nemehah county, Mo., that one David Meisenthaler was killed a few days ago by a meteor or areolite. He was driving cattle from the field when the meteor descended obliquely through a tall maple, cutting the limbs as clean as though it had been a cannon ball. It struck Meisenthaler near the shoulder, passing through his body obliquely, and burying itself two feet in the earth. The meteor is composed of iron pyrites, round and rough, about the size of a common patent bucket.



A METEOR GOES THROUGH HIM—AN AREOLITE STRIKES A TREE, CUTTING OFF THE LIMBS AND PASSING THROUGH THE BODY OF JOHN MEISENTHALER, KILLS HIM; NEMEHAN COUNTY, MO.



A POPULAR MUSICIAN'S "LOVE"—THE PECULIAR AND UNUSUAL FANCY OF SIGNOR FERRANTI—DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE HE LAVISHES HIS AFFECTIONS UPON A PET DOG.—SEE PAGE 11.



## MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Series of Illustrated Sketches of New York's Gas-Lit Life.

## OUR UNKNOWN DEAD.

Are There Skillfully Planned Murders By Men and Women Who Make Robbery a Trade?

## ADVENTURES IN WATER STREET.

BY AN OLD ROUNDER.

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

Dr. Elisha Harris, late Registrar of Vital Statistics in this city, and now Secretary of the Prison Association of New York, made a special study of mysterious cases of supposed suicide for years, and in a conversation with the writer declared his belief that a large proportion of the cases of mysterious deaths that go on the records of the city as suicides were really skillfully planned murders by gangs of men and women who make murder and robbery a business.

Along the streets bordering upon the river, or in adjacent streets, such as Water and Cherry, are located many vile hells.

Investigations made in a very large number of cases where bodies have been found floating in the water showed that the victims were last seen alive in the company of female frequenters of these hells of the metropolis or in the dance-houses. In most cases of this kind no valuables of any account were found upon the remains and rarely any external injuries were developed in a post-mortem.

These facts led Dr. Harris to the conclusion that many, if not all, had been inveigled into the low resorts by women, where they were drugged to death by some subtle poison administered in liquors, and then, in the silent hours of the night, the inanimate body, after being stripped of money and valuables, would be carried by the male murderers to an adjacent dock and quietly dumped into the river. In due time the remains would be carried to the surface and found by a boatman or the river police. The deadly drug had left no tell-tale mark. The police would investigate, and that was the end of the matter.

So impressed was I with the conclusions arrived at by Dr. Harris that I communicated with a personal friend on the detective force my suspicions that a certain house in Water street, which I had occasion to pass as late as 2 A. M. daily, was a den of thieves of this class. He readily consented to join me in an effort to discover something positive regarding the place, which was a resort of abandoned women, sailors and countrymen, with a bar attached.

One night at 11:30, dressed and disguised as Jersey countrymen, Detective T. and I entered the main room on the floor even with the street. In it were four or five half-drunken women and half-a-dozen sailors. In one corner was a small bar, presided over by a villainous-looking, cock-marked ex-convict, and in another corner was a fiddler playing for the dancers. We spent money freely in treating all hands, talked about the price of country "truck" and the best market in which to sell, and promised to go around next day after we had sold our produce and have a good time all around, remarking that we wanted the fiddler, so we could have a dance.

The convict boss of this den chuckled at the proposition and readily assented to the further proposition that no "sailor feller" should be admitted while we were guests, as we weren't used to "thar rough ways," and wanted to have "a clear swarth all to ourselves."

A little before noon on the following day, well disguised, we entered the resort. But two women and the proprietor were there, and an air of quietude—in striking contrast to the boisterous secret of the previous night—pervaded the place.

Each of us had provided ourselves with a sponge, hidden away inside of our coat-sleeves, and, as we had previously arranged to drink nothing but "pony" glasses of wine, it was an easy matter by a dexterous movement to deposit the contents, after taking it from the glass, into the sponges. My companion drank freely, or at least appeared to drink, displayed considerable money, and after the fiddler had been sent for and the doors were locked, indulged in several waltzes "between drinks."

An hour was thus passed, when, to all appearances, the "Jersey farmers" were "pretty well fuddled," so well had we simulated intoxicated men.

As our object was to see more of the premises we offered no resistance when the women urged us to retire to a rear room. There more drinks were called for, and in half an hour we were both apparently unconscious in a drugged and drunken stupor. The women retired from the room, which was dimly lighted by the kerosene lamp, and we were left side by side on a mattress in one corner for some time. There was a peculiar taste to the wine that satisfied us it contained a drug.

In a little while "Big Charley," the boss, returned with one of the women, who passed as his wife, and, stooping over us, he remarked: "I'm blowed, Hannah, if them fellers isn't good game. Now you hold the door an' hold the light, an' the fiddler an' me'll soon lay 'em away till night. They're well salted, and we'll fix them at midnight, when all's still."

The fiddler was called, and we, limp and apparently insensible, were carried down a rickety stairway to a sub-cellar and quietly deposited on the floor, which was of stone. Our entertainers retired, leaving the lamp burning dimly.

My detective friend got up and cautiously explored the place.

I confess I was not pleased with his report. On one side he found a blind door leading into a dark passage-way, which, from the sound of running water, he supposed to be one of the city sewers, through which they carried their victims. I was so alarmed that I suggested we had seen enough, but he was inexorable.

"Let us see the end," he said. "We are well armed; we're enough for them. Why if I only showed my shield they'd beat a retreat. Keep quiet and watch me."

We did not wait long in suspense. "Charley" and his woman entered.

The former examined us critically, and, turning to the woman, said: "You go up and tend bar, if any one drops in; send Lize down to watch the clothoppers, and have her pour a little more of the 'stuff' down 'em in half an hour. I must now go over the river and get Bob to come over and help me plant 'em after we close on the morning."

Again we were alone.

The detective whispered his plans to me, and a few minutes later the woman Lize came down with a bottle in her

hand, and, sitting down on the only chair in the cellar, engaged in the occupation of knitting.

Half an hour must have passed—to me it seemed two hours—when the woman picked the bottle up from a shelf and walked deliberately over to our corner. With closed eyes I felt her warm hand on my forehead; then she turned my head over, face upward, and forcing open my mouth when my companion, with a quick movement, threw himself over, and drawing a pistol, hissed, "Ah, Lize! I've got you! Now open your head, and I'll blow it off your lousy body! See this shield? Ha! ha! trapped at last, eh?"

So sudden was the thing done that the woman crouched down quietly, as the detective threw off a wig, and she identified him as one who had twice arrested her for shoplifting.

To be brief, the woman "Lize made a clean breast" of the fact that sailors and countrymen were drugged and taken to the sub-cellar, where they were visited by "Big Charley," his wife and two men.

What disposition was made of the victims she never knew, or professed to know not. The officer promised her protection if she would aid him in solving the mystery of the removal of the drugged victims who might visit the place in future, at the same time warning her that he would have her watched, and it would be useless for her to attempt to flee the city. It was also arranged that when the sub-cellar again had an occupant she was to find means to hang a white cloth from the front window as a signal, and at all events to meet him at a place appointed a week hence. She then released us through a side door.

Daily the house was watched—no signal. The trying time arrived, and Lize came not. Over another week passed without other news of the woman. It was supposed she had escaped the detective's vigilance.

Reading a description of the body of a drowned woman found at Fort Hamilton, the detective believed it was Lize. He went there and recognized her as the Water street woman.

The detective always maintained that he believed "Big Charley" and his gang, suspecting Lize of treachery, had murdered her and thrown her body into the river.

Shortly after this, my friend, who still had the house under surveillance, became insane, and a few months later died.

The Water street den has been demolished to make way for the Brooklyn bridge, and the inmates are scattered. Yet I still firmly believe that Dr. Harris was right, and that there still exists in this city, under the very eyes of the police, one or more organized gangs whose business is the inveigling of strangers into suspicious places, the robbing of their persons and the consigning of their bodies to the waters of the rivers and harbor.

Where is the Vidocq who will fathom the secrets of these malefactors?

## SEASONING.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.—Wear sheet iron pants. The coal-hole covers are slippery.

It is true that most women never swear; but have they not husbands and brothers to do it for them?

HAYDEN BROWN, of St. Louis, shot his mother-in-law. Shake, Brownie! Plead guilty and we'll get you out.

MISS CHALKER and Mr. Waterman, of Cheshire, were married recently. They intend to go into the milk business.

"WHAT is the difference between a nursing baby and a duck?" One breasts the storm, and the other storms the breast.

A RECENT obituary notice says: "M. Smith was an estimable citizen. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married."

EMPRESS EUGENIE always dines alone and in her own apartment. "Alone?" Ah, ha! We have it! Bet you a dollar she eats pie with her knife.

NEVER hit a man straight in the fist with your nose, because gloves are awfully dear now, and the poor fellow may not be able to buy another pair.

"JANE," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire, we might have some heat in the room." And they hadn't been married two years either.

"STANDING BEAR"—said an old lady, reading about the wrongs of the Poncas—"why, how dreadful! Poor fellow! I suppose those rascally agents have stolen all his clothes."

STYLISH lady, holding a lap-dog, is about to leave the car. Dog manifests impatience. Lady says: "Wait, darling, till mamma puts on her gloves." Passengers roar with laughter.

THE following advertisement appeared in an Edinburgh paper: "For sale, a handsome piano, the property of a young lady who is leaving Scotland, in a walnut case with turned legs."

MAUDE GRANGER is one of the most superb dressers on the American stage. But, Maude, why cling to the decolette style with such persistency? Thou settest us all agog with ourselves, and we know not wherefore.

HUSBAND—"Why did you get three pair of shoes, wife? I'm afraid you will not live to wear them out." Wife—"Well, your second wife can wear them out if I don't." Husband—"Oh! she has a very delicate foot."

AN unprincipled infant: Mrs. Levi—You wouldn't charge dot leedle baby full fare? Conductor—How old is he, mem? Levi, Jr.—I was seex years. Mrs. Levi—Oh, Jakey, Jakey, you will never make a smart man like your fader.

Mlle. ANGELE, of Grau's Opera Troupe, has created a genuine sensation wherever she has appeared so far this season. Her handsome le-voice has gained for her the admiration of all lovers of pure art—of the statu-que order.

A RURAL bridal couple from Washoe Valley, at breakfast the other morning at an uptown hotel, conversed as follows: He—"Shall I skin your pertater, honey?" She—"No, thank you, dearie; I have one already skun."

"THAT's right," indignantly shouts an aggrieved woman's journal, resenting some attack upon the gentler sex. "That's right; give it to the women!" Dear woman's journal, that is just exactly about all we do with it, just as fast as we can earn it.

THE PRACTICAL VIEW OF IT.  
Can my darling wash the dishes?  
Can she scrub the kitchen floor?  
Will she keep on mending stockings  
When she hears the baby roar?  
Does her nose detect bad butter  
With which grocery stores abound?  
Tell me, darling, do your shoestrings  
Make a half-hitch or go round?

## GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

"Women and Wine" on New York's Most Brilliant Holiday.

## THE TEMPERANCE CROAKERS.

How Mr. Prowler Made a Call Where the Warm Welcome Became Red-Hot.

## SOME RULES FOR YOUNG MEN.

By PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

I notice that there has been the usual row in the newspapers about the young ladies having wine on New Year's day.

And I expect to notice on New Year's day the usual amount of drawing-room drunkenness, dilapidated debauchery and fashionable fuddling.

The institution of making and receiving New Year's calls is one which New York has inherited from its good, old Dutch ancestry, and precisely as it is true that it will never fall into desuetude, so is it true that the temperance table will never become very fashionable. The ministers may preach, and total abstinence papers may shriek annually in cold water articles, but the custom of drinking a glass of wine beside the cradle of the baby year is so deep-seated that it is scarcely probable it will be done away with under the pressure of any purely reformatory movement.

And, besides, why should it be abolished? This talk of many a young man getting his first drink from Beauty's hand in a Fifth avenue parlor while making a New Year's call, and then rushing swiftly to a drunkard's grave, is all rot.

That kind of young man will get his first drink and do the drunkard's grave business with commendable rapidity by merely utilizing the saloon advantages to be found on every side. He need never step into a parlor where the refining influence of woman is to be met with, and ten to one, if he exists at all, he is the kind of sottish calf that drinks himself into the jim-jams by one spree, and then jumps out of the window to spike himself upon the area railings below.

The New Year's table is spread for gentlemen by ladies, and it is expected that a man calling himself a gentleman will know how to deport himself at it. I have made New Year's calls for many years, and have never seen an instance where what was drunk put one beyond the extra vivacious and merry point. It is undeniably true that some very young men do get drunk. But then they can scarcely be called gentlemen, and their behavior must not be cited in an argument against the ladies offering champagne and sherry along with the cold turkey and the salads.

They would get drunk at the hotels and bars anyhow, the only difference being that the intoxicating agents would not be near so good as those to be met with in the parlors of society.

I take it that this will be a very brilliant New Year's. It should be. For some time past we have had rather doleful ones, and it is now that we should break the spell, and sail into 1890 with the determination to make it a banner year of prosperity. I will admit that my sensations on January 2nd, at about 7 A. M., may be of such a rueful nature as to make it impossible for me to see anything but breakers ahead, but that will be merely a sample of private woe, easily removed by the judicious use of cognac and Delatour's soda, which can have no effect upon the improvement in the general outlook. By consulting the cards that I have already received I find that some ladies who have been clubbing together at one table for a few years back are going to receive independently this time. That augurs well. It means that the downtown business of the old man is looking up.

I have seen in my time some gorgeous tables, and if I slip into my dress suit on Thursday next to make calls I anticipate a repetition of the festive magnificence. On my list are the names of two or three *bona fide* teetotal people. There will be no wine there, and no one will expect any. And what a swinish idea it is, anyhow, to think that getting a drink is the chief end of this beautiful custom. I take more pleasure in meeting the ladies. My next pleasure is a salad, which I get at a particular house. In fact, I attend to all details of eating and drinking at this one table, exercising only my esthetic qualities at other places I may visit.

New York's belles certainly do present a stunning sight when arrayed for the reception of New York's young men on New Year's day. I remember last New Year's day that I called in Madison avenue upon a lady whose costume was simply superb, only, as I thought then, it wasn't all there. But it was; every inch that had been intended was in the dress. I didn't object to the semi-nudity of the exhibition, but I thought of Samuel Johnson when he told Garrick: "Davy, I shan't come behind the scenes at your theatre any more. The silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses excite my amatory propensities and render me unfit for work on the dictionary."

If the ministers want to howl about social misconduct on New Year's day let them preach against respectable married ladies and young women who expect to be wives dressing so *decadent* that a half-fuddled fast young man about town might fall into the natural mistake of forgetting where he was.

In fact, I don't know but what the ladies of the demi-monde on dress, or rather undress, occasions are a little more severe. They can afford to be, just as the married woman, safe in her position, can afford some of the artistic freedom of the *jaunter's* model.

Speaking of women in whose bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as virtue, reminds me that New Year's day is made much of by the most stylish and popular of that class. I have seen tables spread in haunts of glided vice that outshone in splendor any to be found on Fifth avenue. The collation, the linen, the silver, the wine, the servants and all the other details were furnished on that scale of reckless magnificence always assumed by such people.

Here it is the order of the day to get drunk, or rather drunker, since the visitors all come late, and half of them wouldn't call at all if looking upon the wine when it was red had not simultaneously inflamed their wanton qualities and unseated their judgment.

Let us go further down the ladder and see how the lower strata of New York city observe its greatest holiday. We are now in the proper field for the workmen of Dr. Crosby and the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Take the barrooms, for instance. Every one of them of any pretensions to style has a New Year's table in the saloon or a room upstairs. I shall always remember what a jolly time I had in a Third avenue house last year. The table was in the second story, front, and was so ample and so crowded with dishes and bottles that the

guests ate and drank only by using that dexterity necessary in a steamer stateroom when five or six attempt to toss off a "bon-voyage" glass at once.

I was introduced all around, and, being put forward as something vague in the newspaper and book line, found myself suddenly raised to the position of special guest, even eclipsing the claims to that distinction put forward by an ex-alderman, who had a very red face and most tremendous appetite.

We drank hot whiskey principally, and the men did not hesitate to smoke cigars. You can imagine the condition in which the atmosphere was in a little while. Owing to the cloud of smoke that rested upon the table it was as much as I could do to keep the buxom landlady located. She seemed to float over the scene like a voluptuous fairy.

The narrow stairs were crowded with drinkers from the bar below, who were being sent to the wife by the husband in shoals. Under all these circumstances the affair would have passed off pleasantly enough if some one hadn't introduced the subject of politics.

My red-faced alderman, glass in one hand and turkey bone in the other, was on his unsteady legs in a moment. It took about another moment for a man near the door to call the alderman a liar.

The glass went first in the direction of the offender, then the turkey bone, then a decanter, etc. I didn't take notes at the time, but it seems to me that the alderman got on the table, which was a sort of barricade, and tried to crawl over it. Some one pulled the table-cloth violently off, alderman and all, and the fight becoming general, the air appeared to me to be literally packed with flying tumblers, bottles, jars of oysters, and other mis-iles.

The bottle was taken up on the stairs and communicated itself to the barroom. Seriously I was uncomfortable, although I had suffered nothing more dangerous than a scalp wound, due to my being in the way of a winged tumbler.

It was then that by the masterly move of crawling under the table I reached madame, who was as much in a corner as it was possible.

I asked her how I could extricate her from her warm position, and it was then she thought of reaching a bathroom by a door against which the table had rested. It didn't now, because it was upside down. The brawlers were nearly all on the landing and stairs, with the police in the possession of the barroom.

We reached the bath-room, but as it gave upon the short hall where the stairs were it was clear she couldn't go out just yet.

The situation was embarrassing. I knew the proprietor was jealous, and there was no mistake about his being drunk.

The window remained. Recommending Mrs. — to take a bath and compose herself, and seeing to it that I had firmly locked and bolted the door through which we came, I got out of the bath-room window on to a shed and jumped into the back yard of the saloon.

To meet with what fate?

To be collared by a policeman, who was posted there, and taken to the station house. Several of the New Year's callers were already on hand when I entered, among them the ex-alderman, who had preferred a charge of deadly assault against some one evidently not present.

The alderman was most assuaged a pitiable sight. He had a black eye, some of his hair was scraped off, and there was a pickled oyster entangled in his left beard.

The moment his fish-like eye fell upon me he said, triumphantly, to the sergeant:

"There he is. That's the viper that said I was n. g. and hit me with the crust stand."

If I had suddenly been in collision with an iceberg I could not have been more astonished.

"Looks like it, too," remarked the sergeant. "Evidently an old hand."

I didn't say a word, except to answer that I was born here, could read and write, etc., and then "for crime unknown" I went to my dungeon cell."

Of course, it was all right when the Captain came in, and I got home shortly after dark, rather preferring the gloom, in fact.

This secret has lain in my breast all through the year that is now having its last round with old Father Time, and I would not have told it save as a warning to my readers.

It is perhaps better to confine yourself to legitimate calling. If you must visit the gin dealers avoid the saloons with political proclivities, and do not drink too much hot whiskey.

And never allow yourself to be double-banked in a corner of a little second story front room.

In closing let me give my readers a few rules for observance in calling:

No. 1. Engineer it to have some swell friend invite you to a seat in his carriage. By doing this you avoid being struck with a small-pox hack, and besides you visit all his friends, who will send you cards next year.

2. Get ninety-cent gloves, and about five pairs. You always show a good hand then, as you can put them on between houses.

3. Say "yes" promptly when the people who have no wine visible ask you faintly to have a glass. You may not get any wine, but it's fun.

4. If you run across a fellow who is soft on one of the ladies you have seen during the day tell him that his rival has been there hours, and you think has sent for his trunk.

5. Take your worst umbrella along if it rains or snows, but never leave a house without an umbrella.

6. Tell all the jealous married women that you have just left their husbands at So-and-so's, naming a rich widow who is reported as being fast.

7. Don't mix your drunks, but get comfortably full on good champagne.

8. Don't leave money in your overcoat, and remember where you put your overshoes.

By so doing you will pass the "Happy New Year," which Paul Prowler, Esq., now wishes you.

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JOE RYAN writes: "I feel quite dissatisfied at the result of my wrestling match with John Grady on the 15th inst. As I owe my defeat to taking Grady 'too cheap,' I am confident I can throw him, and I will meet him or his backer, Mr. Murphy, at Smith's, 434 East Thirtieth street, at any time he may name, and make a match for from \$100 to \$500 a side, which I prefer should be private."

For the second time in their career William Spencer, of Chelsea, and George Tarryer, of Bermondsey, England (both watermen), have met to row over the Thames Championship Course for £200. The oarsmen both kept an excellent course, Spencer reaching Hammersmith Bridge—where there was a fair number of persons assembled—in 10m. 23s., Tarryer being just 1s. in the rear. The greatest apathy now prevailed, no one seeming to take the slightest interest in the race, and the scullers made their way up the river, Spencer, who now and then took matters very easily, reaching Barnes Railway Bridge in 21m. 27s., quite half a dozen lengths ahead, and easing up a little near home, finally winning by about four lengths in 25m. 26s.



State you saw this advertisement in the Police Gazette





NEW YORK'S GAS-LIT LIFE—MIDNIGHT PICTURES OF METROPOLITAN SIGHTS, SCENES AND CHARACTERS—LIFE IN WATER STREET—INTERIOR OF A DANCE HOLE—HAVING A GOOD TIME—THE REAR ROOM—THE DRUGGED WINE—LAIN AWAY, WELL SALTERED, UNTIL NIGHT IN THE SUB-CELLAR—THE BLIND PASSAGE OPENING INTO THE CITY SEWERS—THE UNKNOWN DEAD—“AH! LIZIE, I HAVE GOT YOU”—THAT’S AT LAST—MEN AND WOMEN WHO MAKE MURDER AND ROBBERY A TRADE.—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY GAZETTE ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 14.]